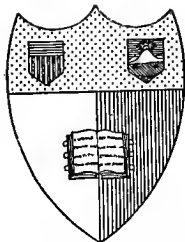


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Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

by
William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE
FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY, ETC.
FELLOW OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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AT DECCAN COLLEGE, POONA



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The Merchant of Venice

INTRODUCTION

DATE

THE earliest record of this play is in the *Stationers' Register*, where it was entered on July 22, 1598. It is included in the well-known list of Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, which was published in the same year. As early as 1594 there is an allusion in an account-book of Henslowe to *The Venesyon Comodey*, which some commentators have thought to be Shakespeare's play. When it is remembered how popular Venice was as the scene for Elizabethan comedies, it must be admitted that the description is rather too vague to enable us to identify this Venetian comedy with Shakespeare's. There is no further external evidence that has any direct bearing on the date.

The internal evidence is suggestive, especially as regards general style. The long soliloquies of the Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Aragon are a serious encumbrance to the smooth procedure of the plot. They have practically no dramatic value, and though both speeches contain choice pieces of worldly wisdom, elegantly and poetically expressed, they are both unequal, and lapse into triviality and commonplaces on more than one occasion. Much of the language throughout indeed is trite, and the sentiments are often feeble and strained. On the other hand, the piece is strewn with poetical beauties of no mean order. The diction in the trial scene is almost perfect—there is scarcely a false touch throughout—and the characterisation in this scene is maintained with wonderful ability and no 'pleasant conceit' is allowed to mar the splendidly conceived crescendo interest. At times, in fact, *The Merchant* reminds us rather forcibly of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The humour of Launcelot, the sketchy and undistinguished character of

The Merchant of Venice.

Bassanio, the lengthy and undramatic speeches, the frequency of the classical allusions, may all be paralleled in this play. The scene between Portia and Nerissa is anticipated in miniature by a similar scene between Julia and her maid, but this immediately directs our attention to the other side of the question: for in wit and in expression there is no comparison between the scenes. The later one is as much superior to the early one as Portia is a greater figure than Julia; while Shylock is, of course, a creation belonging to a different realm of art from anything that may be found in the early play. Summing up, then, *The Merchant* shows the strength of Shakespeare's second period in an unmistakable manner; but retains many of the weaknesses of the first, and is often considered to mark the transition between these two periods of his development. Having regard to the external evidence, the date may be safely set down to 1596 or 1597.

SOURCE

This question is complicated by a multitude of possibilities. Not only is there *The Venesyon Comodey*, which, as has been said, is too vague a title to imply any direct connection with Shakespeare's play, but there is also a production called *The Jew* which is mentioned by Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, published in 1579, and described as 'a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a commonwealth; setting up the Flagge of Defiance to their mischievous exercise and overthrowing their Bulwarkes by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason, and common experience: A discourse as plesaunt for Gentlemen that favour learning, as profitable for all that wyll follow vertue.' In style, matter and literary history the book is of no mean interest, but its connection with the present subject is limited to a passage in which after the almost wholesale condemnation of plays, the author makes an honourable exception in favour of two which were outside the pale of his sweeping censure. 'As some of the Players are farre from abuse: so some of the plays are without rebuke: which are as easily remembered as quickly reckoned. The twoo prose Bookes plaied at the Belsavage, where you shall find never a woorde without wit, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vaine. The

Introduction.

Jew and Ptolome, showne at the Bull, the one representing the greediness of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of usurers : The other very lively discribng howe seditious estates with their owne devises, false friendes, with their owne swoordes, and rebellious commons in their owne snares are overthrowne: neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye : nor with slovenly talke hurting the eares of the chast hearers.' Here, then, is a reference to an early prose play of which the title and description are certainly adapted to the double story of our play. 'The bloody mindes of usurers' is exceedingly striking; while 'the greediness of worldly chusers,' though, perhaps, a little forced if applied to the motives of the two Princes in Shakespeare's play, might very well apply to a cruder dramatic version of the story of the caskets. This, then, is the first point: in 1579 there was a prose play, which is, with a great show of probability, imagined to have dealt with both the chief themes which make up the plot of *The Merchant of Venice*.

Next comes the *Il Pecorone*, an Italian book, where the story of the pound of flesh, and also of the ring incident is found, which is the chief dramatic material for Shakespeare's fifth act. In place of the casket story there is one which fulfils precisely the same object, and which, though in many respects more dramatic and convincing, was obviously unfit for stage representation. Giannetto lived with his godfather, Ansaldo (who had been a dear friend to Giannetto's dead father), and a strong affection sprang up between them. Giannetto at Ansaldo's advice takes a long voyage. In the course of his travels he visits Belmont, where there is a widow lady whose rule it is that every man who visits her must woo her, and pass the night with her, and if he fails to win her must forfeit all his goods. Giannetto makes the attempt and fails; returns to Venice, having lost all his goods, very disconsolate. Ansaldo again provides a fine ship and he repeats his attempt with a similar result. He again returns, and again Ansaldo provides him with a ship, but has to pledge himself to a Jew in the Antonio-Shylock manner. Giannetto this time becomes acquainted with the ruse adopted by the lady's servants of drugging him before retiring, and this time is successful. The story then proceeds as in the play: there is the news of Ansaldo's discomfiture, the refusal of the Jew to accept the

The Merchant of Venice.

money, the trial, the disguise of the great lady as a lawyer, the confutation of the Jew, and the ring incident.

Here, then, is a source which almost combines both the stories, and from which a dramatist of Shakespeare's invention would have been quite capable of evolving his double plot by the judicious substitution of the casket theme for the device of the widow lady.

The bond story is related by itself in *The Ballad of Gunnutus*, which is of uncertain date, but probably some years before the play: it also occurs in the old *Cursor Mundi*, though here it is somewhat differently treated.

Finally, in Silvayn's *Orator*, which was translated in 1596, the ninety-fifth declamation is 'Of a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.' The treatment in this is exceedingly similar to that of Shakespeare, and many parallels can be found both in the arguments adduced and in their expression.

The casket story is found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, but there are important variations. It is the lady who chooses, the prize being the son of an emperor in marriage. A similar device is found in an old Greek story, called *Barlaam and Josaphat*, and also in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*. There are others, too, but as in all cases there are strong differences in conception and treatment, it is an unprofitable subject to treat in detail. Whether Shakespeare read any or all of these productions it is quite impossible to say: the story in itself is a very simple one, and the result cannot much affect what is in itself a very interesting subject, namely, the methods that the dramatist used with his material. Summing up, then, there is an old play, *The Jew*, which probably contained one, if not both of the stories; there is the *Il Pecorone*, which furnished both stories as well as the ring incident, though the casket theme is replaced by another; there are several works dealing with 'the pound of flesh,' and several dealing with the casket theme, though this latter one cannot be found exactly in the form Shakespeare used.

THE TEXT

The following is the first mention of *The Merchant of Venice* in the *Stationers' Register*, the entry being dated July 22, 1598.

Introduction.

‘James Robertes. Entred for his copie under the hands of bothe the wardens, a booke of the Marchaunte of Venice, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice. Provided that yt be not printed by the said James Robertes or any other whatsoever without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord Chamberlen.’

It is difficult to account satisfactorily for the prohibition expressed in this entry. In view of the numerous unauthorised editions of plays that appeared, it is impossible to believe that any vigilance was exercised by the ‘lord Chamberlen’ or any one else to prevent pirated editions from appearing. The suggestion that the sentence is due to the shady character of James Roberts is discounted by the words ‘or any other whatsoever.’

Eventually the book duly appeared with the following title-page. ‘The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choise of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts. 1600.’ This has generally been regarded as the first quarto.

On October 28, 1600, a further entry is found in the *Stationers’ Register*.

‘Thomas Haies. Entred for his copie under the handes of the Wardens, and by Consent of Master Robertes. A booke called the booke of the Merchant of Venyce.’

Before the end of the same year, 1600, this book appeared as ‘The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choise of three chests. As it hath bene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon. 1600.’

This has been regarded as the second quarto. Careful analysis has revealed, however, many suspicious points in the Roberts quartos, and these have been embodied in an article by Mr. W. W. Greg, in which he comes to the conclusion that the Roberts quarto edition of *The Merchant of Venice* was in reality

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first printed in 1619. His chief argument is that this edition was printed on a mixed stock of paper, the mixture being precisely the same as was used in the edition of books which are known to have been published in 1619. This is supported by various suspicious points whose cumulative force is undeniable. It is impossible to do justice to this article in a summary, and the inquisitive reader must be referred to *The Library*, New Series, No. 34, vol. ix, where the article will be found.

A comparative study of the two quartos reveals a considerable number of differences. The reading of the Roberts quarto is sometimes superior to the Heyes, and the Heyes is sometimes superior to the Roberts.

The Folio edition of 1623 is from a copy of the Heyes quarto, from which it differs in but very few instances, and these comparatively unimportant. It is, however, more complete in its stage directions.

The literary disturbance caused by Mr. Greg's discovery is fortunately small. It is true that the Roberts quarto loses its sentimental superiority of being the first edition; and what is more important, it loses the claim of having been published during the life of Shakespeare, and this indirectly increases the claims of the rival edition.

THE JEW OF MALTA

The question as to the points of contact between Shylock and Barabas is easily settled. It is perfectly true that they both quote Scripture, and both give vent to a somewhat confused passion with regard to their daughter and their wealth, but here all resemblance ceases. Marlowe's work, especially the first two acts, contains magnificent outbursts of poetry—as fine as anything in *The Merchant of Venice*—but dramatically it has all the wildness and incoherence that distinguished the pre-Shakespearean school. The characterisation of Barabas is on the broadest and crudest lines; he is, as has been often said, a monster and not a man. He proudly boasts of having poisoned wells and other atrocious crimes, which are entirely purposeless. In the latter part of the play horror is accumulated on horror with a monotonous persistency, and *The Jew of Malta* both in

Introduction.

its plan and characterisation is too far beneath *The Merchant of Venice* to be seriously compared with it. The resemblances between Barabas and Shylock are simply obvious characteristics of the Jewish tribe which would naturally, and almost inevitably, occur to any dramatist who wished to put in local colour.

THE CHARACTERS, ETC.

Shylock, of course, is the crowning glory of *The Merchant of Venice*. It is a mistake to consider him, as some have done, a sympathetic creation. Shakespeare is careful to show that his leading motive for his revenge is not the loss of his daughter, or the contumely he has received, but the fact that Antonio had lent out money gratis. Portia is the first of Shakespeare's great ladies, and a charming figure she is. The minor characters are singularly undistinguished. Antonio is a study of temperament familiar in Elizabethan comedy. Bassanio is a mere walking gentleman. Gratiano belongs to a type which was developed by Beaumont and Fletcher, though he has perhaps less vice and less genuine humour and wit than most of their merry gentlemen. Jessica can scarcely be justified, though in Elizabethan comedy there seems to have been a law that robbery and deception was no vice when practised on a cruel or avaricious father. The Lorenzo-Jessica plot is useful in the last act, which in its lyrical sweetness and comedy of character forms a most appropriate and befitting conclusion after the tenseness and almost tragic tone of the fourth act.

**THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS,
IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ONCOMING.**

[With References to their first Speeches in each of their Scenes.]

- ANTHONIO**, *the Merchant of Venice*, I.i.1, p. 1; I.iii.56, p. 11; II.vi.59, p. 27; III.iii.3, p. 48; IV.i.1, p. 54; V.i.138, p. 72.
- SALARINO**, *a young Venetian, friend to ANTHONIO & BASSANIO*, I.i.8, p. 1; II.iv.5, p. 23; II.vi.2, p. 25; II.viii.1, p. 30; III.i.2, p. 35; III.iii.18, p. 48.
- SOLANIO**, *a young Venetian, friend to ANTHONIO & BASSANIO*, I.i.15, p. 1; II.iv.6, p. 23; II.viii.4, p. 30; III.i.1, p. 35.
- BASSANIO**, *a young Venetian, heavily in debt; a friend of ANTHONIO, & a Suitor of PORTIAS*, I.i.66, p. 3; I.iii.2, p. 10; II.ii.104, p. 19; III.ii.24 (*with his Trayne*), p. 39; IV.i.62, p. 56; V.i.127 (*without PORTIAS ring*), p. 72.
- LORENZO**, *a young Venetian, in love with JESSICA, SHYLOCKES Daughter*, I.i.69, p. 3; II.iv.1, p. 22; II.vi.21, p. 26; III.ii.225, p. 45; III.iv.1, p. 49; III.v.25, p. 52; IV.i.62, p. 56; V.i.1, p. 68.
- GRATIANO**, *a young Venetian, 'wilde' & 'bold,' a friend of BASSANIO, & winner of NERRISSA*, I.i.73, p. 3; II.ii.159, p. 21; II.vi.4, p. 23; II.vi.1, p. 25; III.ii.189, p. 44; IV.i.122, p. 58; IV.ii.5, p. 68; V.i.142 (*without NERRISSAS Ring*), p. 73.
- PORTIA**, *the faire Lady of Belmont, 'richly left,' & sunny-locked*, I.ii.1, p. 6; II.i.13 (*with her Trayne*), p. 15; II.vii.1 (*with her Trayne*), p. 28; II.ix.4, p. 32; III.ii.1 (*with her Trayne*), p. 38; III.iv.10, p. 49; (*for BALTHAZAR, a young Law-Doctor of Rome*, IV.i.166, p. 59; IV.ii.1, p. 67;) V.i.89, p. 71.
- NERRISSA**, *Waiting-woman to PORTIA*, I.ii.3, p. 6; II.i.* p. 15; II.ix.1, p. 32; III.ii.186, p. 44; III.iv.59, p. 58; (*as BELLARIO & BALTHAZERS Clark*, IV.i.119, p. 58; IV.ii.12, p. 68;) V.i.92, p. 71.
- A Servingman of PORTIAS*, I.ii.110, p. 9.
- SHYLOCKE** *the Jew, a Venetian Money-lender*, I.iii.1, p. 10; II.v.1, p. 24; III.i.22, p. 35; III.iii.1, p. 48; IV.i.34, p. 55.
- MOROCHUS** (*or MORROCHO*), *a tawny Moore, a Suitor to PORTIA*, II.i.1 (*with three or foure Followers*), p. 15; II.vii.4 (*with his Trayne*), p. 28.
- The Clowne*, **LAUNCELET GOBBO**, II.ii.1, p. 16; II.iii.10, p. 22; II.iv.10, p. 23; II.v.6, p. 24; III.v.1, p. 52; V.i.39, p. 69.
- Old GOBBO, father of LAUNCELET (with a Basket)*, II.ii.28, p. 17.
- LEONARDO**, *a Follower of BASSANIOS (& his Mate,*)*, II.ii.158, p. 20.
- JESSICA**, *only daughter of SHYLOCKE the Jew; in love with LORENZO*; II.iii.1, p. 22; II.v.10, p. 24; II.vi.26 (*in Boy's clothes*), p. 26; **LORENZOS Wife**, III.iv.42, p. 50; III.v.8, p. 52; V.i.6, p. 69.
- A Seruiture of PORTIAS*, II.ix,* p. 32.
- The PRINCE of ARRAGON, a Suitor for PORTIA, with his Trayne*, II.ix.9, p. 32.
- A Messenger of BASSANIOS*, II.ix.84, p. 34.
- A Man from ANTHONIO*, III.i.64, p. 37.

The Names of all the Actors.

TUBAL, a Iowe, a friend & tormenter of **SHYLOCKE**, III.i.67, p. 37.

Musicks, & a Song, III.ii.62-3, p. 40; *Musique*, V.i.68, p. 70.

SALERIO, an 'old Venecian friend' of **GRATIANO**, III.ii.229, p. 45; IV.i.106, p. 57.

The Taylor of ANTHONIO, III.iii,* p. 48.

BALTHASEB, a man of **PORTIAS**, III.iv.56, p. 51.

The DUKE of VENICE, with his *Trayne*, IV.i.1, p. 54.

The Magnificoes of Venioe, IV.i,* p. 54.

STEPHANO, a Messenger from **PORTIA**, V.i.26, p. 69.

Trayne for PORTIA, MOROCHUS, ARAGON, BASSANIO, & the DUKE of VENICE.*

Cornets, II.i; *A Tucket*, V.i.120.

The Scene lies in *Italy*; partly in *Venice*, partly in *Belmont*.

The Stage-time of the Play is 8 Days, with 2 Intervals, of 2 or 3 days, and 1 day.

Day 1, I.i-iii. (Interval of 2 or 3 days.) Day 2, II.i-vii. (Interval of 1 day.)

Day 3, II.viii,ix. Day 4, III.i. Day 5, III.ii-iv. Day 6, III.v.; IV.i,ii. Days

7 & 8, V.i. To give the effect of longer time, Shakspeare repeats his device in

L. L. Lost, V.ii.659-664 (where Costard accuses Armado of having got Jaquenetta

with child 2 months ago, when he's known her only a day and a half),

and makes Lorenzo accuse Launcelot of a 3 months' connection with the Moor

(III.v.34) when he's been with her two days. He makes Shylocke bid Tuball

bespeak an Officer a fortnight before (III.i.110), &c., &c. See Mr. P. A. Daniel's

arguments for 3 months being the time intended by Shakspeare for the Play, in

New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1877-9, p. 41-57, 149-155. We adopt his

Days, but discard his long Intervals. See also the Cowdon-Clarkes' *Sh. Key*, p.

134-136.

* means 'mute.'

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a *Quarto* reading is corrected by the First *Folio* or another *Quarto*, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q1' means the Roberts *Quarto*, 'Q2' the Heyes *Quarto*, both dated 1600. The play is edited from the Heyes *Quarto*. 'F' means the First *Folio* of 1623. F2, the Second *Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -*ed* final is pronouned as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed \bar{e} .

The most excellent
Historie of the *Merchant*
of *Venice*.

VVith the extreame crueltie of *Shyloche* the Iewe
towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound
of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia*
by the choyse of three
chefts.

*As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord
Chamberlaine his Seruants.*

Written by William Shakespeare.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *I. R.* for Thomas Heyes,
and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the
signe of the Greene Dragon.

1600.

[From the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto.]

The comicall History of the *Merchant of Venice.*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

Venice. An open place.

Enter ANTHONIO, SALARYNO, and SOLANIO.

An. **I**N footh, I know not why I am so fad! 1
 It wearies me: you say, it wearies you;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
 I am to learne:
 And such a Want-wit sadnes makes of mee,
 That I haue much adoe to know my selfe!
Salarino. Your minde is toffing on the Ocëan, 8
 There where your Argofies, with portlie fayle,
 (Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
 Or, as it were, the Pageants of the sea,)
 Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers 12
 That curfie to them, do them reuerence,
 As they flie by them with theyr wouen wings!
Solanio. Beleeue mee, fir, had I such venture forth, 16
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroade! I should be still
 Plucking the graffe to know where fits the wind,
 Piring in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
 And euery obiect that might make me feare 20
 Mis-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
 Would make me 'fad'.

* *Actus primus*] F.

Solanio] *Salanio* Q1, 2, F. But often spelt *Solanio*, *Sola*. or *Sol*. (I. i. 46, 47, 58, 68; II. iv. 6, 23; II. viii. 4, 12, 25, 33, 50; III. i. 1, 8, &c.) below. As *Salarino*, and *Salerio*

the Messenger (III. ii. 221), both begin with *Sal*., the spelling *Solanio* had better be adopted.

15. *Solanio*] *Salanio* Q1, 2. *Salar*. F.

The comicall Historie of

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
 What harme a winde too great might doe at sea. 24
 I should not see the fandie howre-glasse runne,
 But I should thinke of shallowes, and of flatts,
 And see my wealthy *Andrew* dockt in sand,
 Vayling her high top lower then her ribs, 28
 To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessels side, 32
 Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
 Enrobe the roring waters with my filkes,
 And, in a word, but euen now worth this, [*spreads his arms.*
 And now worth nothing? Shall I haue the thought 36
 To thinke on this, and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing bechaunc'd, would make me 'fad'?
 But tell not me! I know *Anthonio*
 Is 'fad' to thinke vpon his merchandize! 40
Anth. Beleeue me, no! I thanke my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Vpon the fortune of this present yeere: 44
 Therefore my merchandize makes me not 'fad'.

Sola. Why, then, you are in loue!
Anth. Fie, fie!
Sola. Not in 'loue' neither! then let vs say, you are 'fad
 Because you are not merry; and twere as easie 48
 For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
 Because you are not 'fad'! (Now, by two-headed *Ianus*,
 Nature hath framd strange fellowes in her time!
 Some, that will euermore peepe through their eyes, 52
 And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper;
 And other, of such vinigar aspeét,
 That theyle not shew theyr teeth in way of smile,
 Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.) 56

27. *dockt*] dock'd Rowe. docks | *Salar.* Then y' Q1.
 Q2, F. dockes Q1. | 47. *Sola.*] Q2, F. *Salar.* Q1.
 46. *Sola.* *Why, then, you*] Q2, F.
 [I. i. 22-56.] 2

The Merchant of Venice.

[*Sees BAS., LOR., & GRA. coming*] Here comes *Bassanio*, your
most noble Kinsman,

Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*! Farewell!
We leaue you now with better company!

Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry, 60
If worthier friends had not preuented me!

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard!
I take it, your owne bufines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart. 64

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Sal. Good morrow! my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both! when shal we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours! 68
[*Exeunt SALARINO, and SOLANIO.*

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*! since you haue found *Antonio*,
We two will leaue you; but, at dinner time,
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete!

Bass. I will not faile you! 72

Grat. You looke not well, signior *Antonio*!
You haue too much respect vpon the world!
They loose it, that doe buy it with much care:
Beleue me, you are meruailoufly changd! 76

Ant. I hold the world, but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one!

Grati. Let me 'play' the foole!
With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones!

Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alablaster? 84
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies
By beeing peeuih? I tell thee what, *Antonio*:
(I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes!)

57. *Herc*] *Sola.* Here Q2, F. | 65, 68. *Sal.*] Q2, F. Salar. Q1.
Salan. Here Q1. | 68-9. *Solanio*] Q2, F. Salanio
64. *Enter . . .*] Q1, 2, F (after Q1.
l. 56). | 87. *it is*] F. tis Q1, 2.

The comicall Historie of

There are a fort of men, whose viſages 83
 Doe creame and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
 And doe a wilful ſtilnes entertaine,
 With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
 Of wiſedome, grauitie, profound conceit, 92
 (As who ſhould ſay, ' I am ſir Oracle ;
 And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke ! ')
 O my *Antonio* ! I doe know of theſe,
 That therefore onely are reputed wiſe, 96
 For ſaying nothing ; when I am very ſure,
 If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dam thoſe eares,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fooles :
 Ile tell thee more of this another time. 100
 But fiſh not with this melancholy baite
 For this foole gudgin, this opinion !
 ¶ Come, good *Lorenzo* ! ¶ fareyewell a while !
 Ile end my exhortation after dinner ! 104 [time !
Loren. [to *ANT.*] Well, we will leaue you, then, till dinner
 I muſt be one of theſe ſame ' dumbe wiſe men,'
 For *Gratiano* neuer lets me ſpeake !
Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeeres moe, 108
 Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue !
An. Far you well ! Ile grow a talker for this geare !
Gra. Thankes, yfaith ! for ſilence is onely commendable
 In a neates tongue* dried, and a mayde not vendable ! 112
[Exeunt *GRA.* & *LOB.*

An. It is that any thing now !
Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing, more
 then any man in all *Venice* ! his reaſons are as two graines of
 wheate hid in two buſhels of chaffe : you ſhall ſeeke all day
 ere you finde them ; and when you haue them, they are not
 worth the ſearch !
An. Well : tel me now, what Lady is the ſame
 To whom you ſwore a ſecrete Pilgrimage, 120
 That you to day promiſd to tell me of ?
Baſſ. Tis not vnknowne to you, *Antonio*,
 How much I haue diſabled mine eſtate,
 By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port 124

97. when] Q1, 2, F. who Rowe. | 113. that any thing = ſilence.
 *112. tongue] Q1, F. togue Q2. | 119. the] Qq. F. This, Hamner.
 L. i. 88-124.] 4

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Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance :
 Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
 From fuch a noble rate ; but my cheefe care
 Is, to come fairely off* from the great debts, 128
 Wherein my time, something too prodigall,
 Hath left me gagd. To you, *Antonio*,
 I owe the moft, in money and in loue ;
 And, from your loue, I haue a warrantie, 132
 To vnburthen all my plots and purpofes,
 How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.
An. I pray you, good *Baffanio*, let me know it !
 And, if it ftand, as you your felfe ftill doe, 136
 Within the eye of honour, be afurd,
 My purfe, my perfon, my extreameft meanes,
 Lie all vnlockt to your occafions !
Baff. In my fchoole dayes, when I had loft one shaft, 140
 I fhot his fellow of the felfe fame flight,
 The felfe fame way, with more aduifed watch,
 To finde the other forth ; and, by aduenturing both,
 I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode prooffe, 144
 Becaufe, what followes, is pure innocence.
 I owe you much ; and (like a wilfull youth !)
 That which I owe, is loft : but, if you please
 To fhooote another arrow that felfe way, 148
 Which you did fhooote the firft, I doe not doubt,
 (As I will watch the ayme,) or to find both,
 Or bring your latter hazzard backet againe,
 And thankfully reft debter for the firft. 152
An. You know me well, and heerein fpend but time,
 To wind about my loue with circumftance ;
 And out of doubt, you doe me now more wrong,
 In making queftion of my vttermoft, 156
 Then if you had made waft of all I haue :
 Then doe but fay to me what I fhould doe,
 That, in your knowledge, may by me be done,
 And I am preft vnto it : therefore fpeake ! 160
Baff. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left ;
 And fhe is faire, and (fairer then that word !)

*128. *off*] Q1, F. of Q2. †151. *backe*] Q1, F. bake Q2.
 5 [I. i. 125-162.

The comical Historie of

Of wondrous vertnes; sometimes from her eyes
 I did receaue faire speechlesse messāges: 164
 Her name is *Portia*, (nothing vndervallewd
 To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*!)
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
 For the foure winds blow in from euery coast 168
 Renownēd futors; and her funny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
 Which makes her feat of *Belmont*, *Cholchos* strond;
 And many *Iasons* come in quest of her! 172
 O my *Anthonio*! had I but the meanes
 To hold a riual place with one of them,
 I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionlesse be fortunate. 176
Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea;
 Neither haue I money, nor commoditie
 To raise a present summe. Therefore goe forth!
 Try what my credite can in *Venice* doe! 180
 That shall be rackt, euen to the vttermoſt,
 To furnish thee to *Belmont*, to faire *Portia*!
 Goe presently enquire, and so will I,
 Where money is; and I no question make, 184
 To haue it of my trust, or for my fake! [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

Belmont. PORTIA'S sitting-room.

Enter PORTIA, with her waiting woman NERRISSA.

Portia. By my troth, *Nerrissa*! my little body is awareie
 of this great world! 2

Ner. You would be (sweet Madam,) if your miseries were in
 the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, (for
 ought I see,) they are as sicke that surfeite with too much, as
 they that starue with nothing: it is no meane happines ther-
 fore to be feated in the 'meane'; superfluitie comes sooner
 by white haire, but competencie liues longer. 8

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd!

Ner. They would be better, if well followed. 10

6. *meane*] Q1, 2. smal F.

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Portia. If to do, were as easie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had bene Churches, and poore mens cottages, [12 Princes Pallaces! It is a good Diuine that followes his owne instructions! I can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be* one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching. The braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hote [16 temper leapes ore a colde decree: (such a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple!) But this reafoning is not in the fashon to choofe mee a husband. ô mee! the word 'choofe'! I may neyther 'choofe' [20 who I would, nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a lyuing daughter, curbd by the will of a deade father! Is it not harde, *Nerriſſa*, that I cannot 'choofe' one, nor 'refuſe' none?

Ner. Your Father was euer vertuous; and holy men at their death haue good inspirations; therefore the lottrie that he [25 hath deuised in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſiluer, and leade, (whereof who choofes his meaning, choofes you,) will, no doubt, neuer be choſen by any rightlie, but one who you ſhall rightly loue. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princelie futers that are already come? 30

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them; and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, leuell at my affection! 33

Ner. Firſt, there is the *Neopolitane* Prince.

Por. I, that's a colt indeede! for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe; & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts, that he can ſhoo him himſelfe! I am much afeard, my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth! 38

Ner. Than¹ is there the Countie *Palentine*.

Por. Hee doth nothing but frowne; (as who ſhould ſay, ' & you will not haue me, choofe! ') he heares merry tales, and ſmiles not; (I feare hee will prouue the weeping Phyloſopher when hee growes old, beeing ſo full of vnmanly [43 ſadnes in his youth!) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to eyther of theſe! God defend me from theſe two! 46

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* Lord, Mounſier *Le Boune*? 48

*15. *bē*] F. to be Q1, 2.

¹ *Than* = Then.

[I. ii. 11-48.

The comicall Historie of

Por. God made him; and therefore let him passe for a man! In truth, I knowe it is a finne to be a mocker; but hee! why, hee hath a horse better then the *Neopolitans*; a better bad habite of frowning then the Count *Palentine*; [52 he is euery man in no man; if a *Traffell*¹ sing, he fals straight* a capring; he will fence with his owne shadow! If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands! If hee would despise me, I would forgiue him; for if he loue me to madness, I shall neuer requite him! 57

Ner. What say you, then, to *Fauconbridge*, the young Barron of *England*? 59

Por. You know I 'say' nothing to him; for hee vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*; & you will come into the Court and fweare that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the *English*! Hee is a proper mans picture; but alas! who can conuerse with a dumbe [64 shew? How odly hee is futed! I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hofe in *Fraunce*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behaiour euery where! 67

Nerrijsa. What thinke you of the *Scottish* Lorde, his neighbour? 69

Portia. That hee hath a neyghbourlie charitie in him; for hee borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Englishman*, and fswore hee would pay him againe when he was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his suretie, and seald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew? 75

Por. Very vildie in the morning, when hee is sober; and most vildly in the afternoone, when he is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man; & when he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him! 80

Ner. Yf hee shoulde offer to choofe, and choofe the right Casket; you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him. 83

Portia. Therefore, for feare of the worst, I pray thee set

¹ *Trassell* = throstle, thrush. | 57. shall] Q1, 2. should F.
*53. straight] Q1, F. straght | 68. Scottish] Q1, 2. other, F
Q2 (line crowded). | (in deference to K. James I).
I. ii. 49-84.] 8

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a deepe glasse of *Reynishe* wine on the contrarie 'Casket'; for if the deuill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will 'choofe' it! I will doe any thing, *Nerrissa*, ere I will be married to a sponge! 88

Nerrissa. You neede not feare, Ladie, the hauing anie of these Lords; they haue acquainted me with theyr determinations, which is, indeede, to returne to theyr home, and to trouble you with no more fute, vnlesse you may be wonne by some other fort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets. 94

Por. If I liue to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaste as *Diana*, vnlesse I be obtained by the maner of my Fathers will! I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doate on his very absence: & I pray God graunt them a faire departure! 99

Nerrissa. Doe you not remember, Lady, in your Fathers time, a *Venecian*, a Scholler & a Souldiour, that came hether in companie of the Marquesse of *Mountferrat*?

Portia. Yes, yes! it was *Bassanio*! . . . as I thinke, so was he calld! 104

Ner. True, Maddam! hee, of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Ladie.

Portia. I remember him well! and I remember him worthe of thy prayse. [Enter a Seruingman. 109

¶ How nowe! what newes?

Ser. The foure Strangers seeke for you, Maddam, to take theyr leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word, the Prince his Maister will be heere to night. 113

Por. Yf I could bid the fift 'welcome!' with so good hart as I can bid the other foure 'farewell!' I should bee glad of his approach! If he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a deuill, I had rather he should thrue mee then wiuie mee!

Come, *Nerrissa*! ¶ Sirra! goe before!

¶ Whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore! [Exeunt. 120

99. pray God graunt! Q1, 2. wish F.
108-9. Enter . . .] after line 109, Q2.

The comicall Historie of

Actus Primus. Scena Tertla.

Venice. An open space.

Enter BASSANIO with SHYLOCKE the Iew.

Shy. 'Three thousand ducates!' well!

Bass. I, fir, for three months.

Shy. 'For three months;' well!

3

Bass. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* shalbe bound.

Shy. '*Anthonio* shall become bound;' well!

Bass. May you sted me? Will you pleafure me? Shall I know your aunfwere?

7

Shy. 'Three thousand ducats, for three months;' and '*Anthonio* bound?'

9

Bass. Your aunfwere to that!

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary? 12

Shylocke. Ho, no! no, no, no! my meaning in saying hee 'is a good man', is to haue you vnderstand mee, that hee is sufficient; yet his meanes are in supposition: hee hath an [15 *Argosie* bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I vnderstand moreouer vpon the *Ryalto*, hee hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad; but ships are but boordes, Saylers but men; there be land rats, and water rats; water theeues, and land [20 theeues; (I meane *Pyrats*;) and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rockes: . . . the man is notwithstanding sufficient. 'Three thousand ducats!' I thinke I may take his bond!

24

Bass. Be assur'd you may!

Iew. I will 'be assur'd I may': and that I may bee 'assured', I will bethinke mee. May I speake with *Anthonio*?

Bass. Yf it please you to dine with vs?

28

Iew. Yes! to smell porke! To eate of the habitation which your Prophet the *Nazarit* coniured the deuill into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with [32

17. *Ryalto*] Fz. *Ryalta* Q1, 2, F.

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you, nor pray with you! What newes on the *Ryalto*?
Who is he, comes heere?

Enter ANTHONIO.

Bass. This is signior *Antonio*!

Iew. (Shyl.) [aside.] How like a fawning publican he lookes!
I hate him, for he is a *Christian*;
But more, for that, in low simplicitie, 38
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vñance heere with vs in *Venice*!
Yf I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the auncient grudge I beare him! 42
He hates our sacred Nation; and he rayles
(Euen there where Merchants moft doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-wone thrift,
Which hee calls 'interrest'! Curfēd be my Trybe, 46
If I forgiue him!

Bass. [touching SHYL.] Shylocke! doe you heare?

Shyl. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the neere gesse of my memorie,
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse 50
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tuball, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my Tribe,
Will furnish me! But soft! how many months
Doe you desire? [*To ANTH.*] Rest you faire, good Signior! 54
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes!

An. Shylocke! albeit I neither lend, nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giuing of excessse,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, 58
He breake a custome. [*To BASSANIO.*] Is hee yet poffest
How much ye would?

Shy. I, I! 'three thousand ducats.'

Ant. And 'for three months'? [me fo. 62

Shyl. I had forgot: 'three months.' [*To BASS.*] You told
[*To ANT.*] Well, then, your bond! and, let me see; . . . but
heare you,
Me-thought you said, you 'neither lend nor borrow,'
Vpon aduantage.

47. *Shylocke*] Q1. Shylock F. | 64. *Me-thought*] Q1. Me thoughts
Shyloch Q2. | Q2, F.

The comicall Historie of

<i>Ant.</i>	I doe neuer vſe it.	
<i>Shy.</i>	When <i>Iacob</i> grazd his Vncle <i>Labans</i> Sheepe,—	66
	This <i>Iacob</i> from our holy <i>Abram</i> was	
	(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)	
	The third poſſeſſer; I, he was the third,—	
<i>Ant.</i>	And what of him? did he take interreſt?	70
<i>Shyl.</i>	No, not 'take interreſt'; not, as you would ſay,	
	Directly, 'intreſt': marke what <i>Iacob</i> did!	
	When <i>Laban</i> and himſelfe were compremyzd,	
	That all the eanelings which were ſtreakt and pied	74
	Should fall as <i>Iacobs</i> hier; the Ewes being ranck,	
	In end of Autume turnēd to the Rammes;	
	And, when the worke of generation was,	
	Betweene theſe wolly breeders, in the act,	78
	The ſkilful ſheepheard pyld me certaine wands;	
	And, in the dooing of the deede of kind,	
	He ſtuck them vp before the fulſome Ewes;	
	Who, then conceauing, did, in eaning time,	82
	Fall party-colourd lambs; and thoſe were <i>Iacobs</i> .	
	This was a way to thrue; and he was bleſt:	
	And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteale it not.	
<i>An.</i>	This was a venture, fir, that <i>Iacob</i> ferud for;	86
	A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,	
	But ſwayd and faſhiond by the hand of heauen.	
	Was this inferred to make 'interreſt' good?	
	Or is your gold and filuer, 'Ewes' and 'Rammes'?	90
<i>Shyl.</i>	I cannot tell; I make it breede as faſt.	
	But note me, Signior! . . .	
<i>Anth.</i>	[turning to BASS,] Marke you this, <i>Baffanio</i> !	
	The deuill can cite Scripture for his purpoſe.	
	An euill ſoule, producing holy witnes,	94
	Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke;	
	A goodly apple, rotten at the hart.	
	O, what a goodly out-ſide, falſhood hath!	
<i>Shy.</i>	'Three thouſand ducats'! tis a good round ſumme!	98
	'Three months' from twelue: then let me ſee: the rate, . .	
<i>Ant.</i>	Well, <i>Shylocke</i> ! ſhall we be beholding to you?	
<i>Shyl.</i>	Signior <i>Antonio</i> ! manie a time and oft,	
	In the <i>Ryalto</i> , you haue rated me	102
	About my moneyes and my vſances:	

The Merchant of Venice.

Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
 (For suffrance is the badge of all our Trybe!)
 You call me 'misbeleueer! cut-throate dog!' 106
 And spet vpon my *lewish* gaberdine;
 And all for vie of that which is mine owne.
 Well, then! it now appeares you neede my helpe:
 Goe to, then! you come to me, and you say, 110
 'Shylocke! we would haue moneyes': You say so!
 You that did voyde your rume vpon my beard,
 And foote me, as you spurne a franger curre
 Ouer your threshold! 'Moneyes' is your fute. 114
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,
 'Hath a 'dog' money? Is it possible
 A 'curre' can lend three thousand ducats?' or
 Shall I bend low; and in a bond-mans key, 118
 With bated breath, and whispring humblenes,
 Say this: 'Faire fir! you spet on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurnd me such a day; another time
 You calld me "dogge!" and for these curtesies 122
 Ile lend you thus much moneyes!'
Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe!
 To spet on thee againe! to spurne thee too!
 Yf thou wilt lend this money, lend it not 126
 As to thy friends; (for when did Friendship take
 A breede for barraine mettaile of his friend?)
 But lend it rather to thine enemye,
 Who, if he breake, thou maist with better face 130
 Exact the penaltie!
Shy. Why, looke you! how you storme!
 I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
 Forget the flames that you haue staine me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doyte 134
 Of vñance for my moneyes, and youle not heare mee!
 This is kinde, I offer.
Bass. This were kindnesse!
Shyl. This 'kindnesse' will I showe!
 Goe with me to a Notarie; seale me there 138

117. *can*] Q1, 2. should F. 125. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.
 128. *for*] Q1, 2. of F.

The comcall Historie of

Your single bond! and, in a merrie sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such summe or summes as are
 Express in the condition, let the forsaite 142
 Be nominated, for an equall pound
 Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken,
 In what part of your bodie pleafeth me.
Ant. Content! infaith, yle seale to such a bond, 146
 And say there is much kindnes in the *Iew*.
Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me!
 Ile rather dwell in my neecessitie.
An. Why, feare not, man! I will not forsaite it! 150
 Within these two months, (thats a month before
 This bond expires,) I doe expect returne
 Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*! what these *Christians* are! 154
 Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
 The thoughts of others! ¶ Pray you, tell me this!
 If he should breake his day, what should I gaine
 By the exaction of the forfeiture? 158
 A pound of mans flesh, taken from a man,
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates. I say,
 To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship: 162
 Yf he wil take it, so: if not, adiew!
 And, for my loue, I pray you wrong me not!
An. Yes, *Shylocke*! I will seale vnto this bond!
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries! 166
 Giue him direction for this merry bond;
 And I will goe and purse the ducats fraite;
 See to my house (left in the fearefull gard
 Of an vthrifitie knaue;) and, presently, 170
 Ile be with you. [Exit.

An. Hie thee, gentle *Iew*!
 ¶ The *Hebrew* will turne *Christian*; he growes kinde!
Bass. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
An. Come on! in this there can be no difmay; 174
 My ships come home a month before the day! [Exit.

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Actus Secundus. Scena prima.

Belmont. A Hall in PORTIAS house.

*Enter MOROCHUS, a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure Followers accordingly, with PORTIA, NERRISSA, and their traine. Flourish Of Cornets.**

Morocho. Mislike me not for my complexion, 1
The shadowed lierie of the burnisht funne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred!
Bring me the fayrest creature North-ward borne, 4
Where *Phœbus* fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine!
I tell thee, Lady, this aspect of mine 8
Hath feard the valiant! (by my loue, I sweare!)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it too†: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts, my gentle Queene! 12
Portia. In termes of choyse, I am not foly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary choosing: 16
But, if my Father had not scanted me,
And hedgd me by his wit, to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renownēd Prince!) than¹ stoode as faire, 20
As any commer I haue look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Euen for that, I thanke you!
Therefore, I pray you, leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune! By this Symitare, [*lays his hand on it.* 24
(That slewe the *Sophy*, and a *Persian* Prince,
That wone three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,)
I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke;
Out-braue the hart most daring on the earth; 28
Plucke the young sucking Cubs from the she Beare;

* *Flourish of . . .*] Flo. Cornets F. | ¹ *than* = then.
† II. too] Q1. to Q2, F. | 27. *ore-stare*] Q2, F. outstare Q1.

The comicall Historie of

Yea, mock the Lyon when a rores for pray,
 To win the Lady! But alas, the while!
 If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice, 32
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turne, by fortune, from the weaker hand!
 So is *Alcides* beaten by his page;
 And so may I, blind Fortune leading me, 36
 Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
 And die with greeuing!

Portia. You must take your chaunce;
 And eyther not attempt to choofe at all,
 Or s'weare before you choofe, if you choofe wrong, 40
 Neuer to speake to Lady afterward,
 In way of marriage; therefore be aduif'd!

Mor. Nor will not! Come! bring me vnto my 'chaunce'!
Portia. Firft, forward to the temple! After dinner, 44
 Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune, then, [*Cornets*.†
 To make me blest, or curfed't among men! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Venice. Before SHYLOCKES house.

Enter the Clowne (LAUNCELET GOBBO) alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to runne from this *Iewe* my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "*Gobbo!*"* "*Launcelet Gobbo!*" "*good Launcelet,*" or "*good Gobbo,*" or "*good Launcelet Gobbo!*" [4 vsf your legges! take the start! runne away! my conscience sayes, "*No!*" take heede, honest *Launcelet!* take heede, honest *Gobbo!*" (or, as afore-saide, "*honest Launcelet Gobbo!*") "*doe not runne; s'corne running with thy heeles!*" Well, the most [8 coragious fiend bids me packe: "*fia!*" sayes the fiend, "*away!*" sayes the fiend, "*for the heauens, rouse vp a braue minde!*" sayes the fiend, "*and runne!*" Well, my conscience, hanging

<p>30. a] he Q, F. 31. <i>the Lady</i>] Q1, 2, F. thee, lady. Rowe, ed. 2. 35. <i>page</i>] Theobald. rage Q1,2,F.</p>	<p>45. <i>Cornets</i>] F. *3, 4, 7. <i>Gobbo</i>] Q. Iobbe Q2, F.</p>
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IL i. 30-46; ii. 1-11.] 16

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about the necke of my heart, sayes very wisely to mee: [12
'my honest friend, *Launcelet!*' (beeing an honest mans sonne,
or, rather, an honest womans sonne; for, indeede, my Father did
something smacke, something grow to; he had a kinde of
taft; well, my conscience sayes, '*Lancelet!* bouge not!'¹⁵
'bouge!' sayes the fiend; 'bouge not!' sayes my conscience.
'Conscience (say I) you counsaile wel!' 'fiend (say I) you
counsaile well!' To be ruld by my conscience, I should stay with
the *Iewe* my Maister, who, (God blesse the marke!) is a kinde
of deuill; and to runne away from the *Iewe*, I should be ruled
by the fiend, who (sauing your reuerence!) is the deuill him-
selfe! (certainely the *Iewe* is the very deuill incarnation!) and,
in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard con-
science, to offer to counsaile mee to stay with the *Iewe!* The
fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne, fiend!
my heeles are at your commaundement! I will runne! 27

Enter old Gobbo, with a Basket.

Gobbo. Maister young-man! you, I pray you, which is the
way to Maister *Iewes*? 29

Launcelet. [*aside*] O heauens! this is my true begotten
Father, who, being more then sand blinde, high grauell blinde,
knowes me not! I will try confusions with him! 32

Gobbo. Maister yong Gentleman! I pray you, which is the
way to Maister *Iewes*? 34

Launcelet. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning,
but at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very
next turning, turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectlie
to the *Iewes* house. 38

Gobbo. Be Gods fonties! twill be a hard way to hit! Can
you tell mee whether one *Launcelet*, that dwels with him,
dwell with him or no? 41

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maister *Launcelet*? (¶ Marke
mee, nowe! nowe will I raise the waters!) Talke you of
young Maister *Launcelet*? 44

Gobbo. No 'Maister,' fir, but a poore mans sonne. His
Father, though I say't, is an honest, exceeding poore man;
and, God bee thanked! well to liue! 47

Launce. Well! let his Father be what a will; wee talke of
young 'Maister' *Launcelet!*

The comicall Historie of

- Gob.* Your worships friend, and 'Launcelet,' fir! 50
Launce. But I pray you, *ergo*, olde man; *ergo*, I befeech you; talke you of young 'Maister' Launcelet? 52
Gob. Of 'Launcelet,' ant please your maistership!
Launce. *Ergo*, 'Maister' Launcelet! Talke not of 'maister Launcelet,' Father! for the young Gentleman (according to Fates and Deftenies, and fuch odd sayings, the Sifters Three, and fuch braunches of learning,) is indeede deceased, or as you would fay in plaine termes, gone to heauen! 58
Gobbo. Marry! God forbid! the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop! [*weeps.*]
Launcelet. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a houell-post, a 'staffe' or a 'prop'? Doe you know me? Father! 62
Gobbo. Alacke the day! I knowe you not, young Gentleman! but I pray you tell mee, is my boy (GOD rest his foule!) aliuie or dead?
Launcelet. Doe you not know me, Father? 66
Gobbo. Alack, fir! I am fand blind! I know you not!
Launcelet. Nay, in deede! if you had your eyes, you might fayle of the knowing mee: 'it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe.' Well, olde man! I will tell you newes of your sonne. [*kneels*] Giue mee your blessing! 'Trueth will come to light;' 'murder* cannot bee hidde long;' a mannes Sonne may; but in the end, 'Trueth will out!' 73
Gobbo. Pray you, fir, stand vp! I am sure you are not Launcelet my boy!
Launce. Pray you, let's haue no more fooling about it! but giue mee your blessing! I am 'Launcelet'! your 'boy' that was, your sonne that is, your child that shall be! 78
Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne!
Launc. I know not what I shall 'think' of that: but I am 'Launcelet,' the Jewes man; and I am sure, *Margerie* your wife is my mother. 82
Gob. Her name is '*Margerie*,' in deede! Ile be sworne, if thou bee '*Launcelet*,' thou art mine owne flesh and blood! [*Passes his hand down L.'s back hair.*] Lord! worshipt might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more haire on thy chinne, then *Dobbin* my philhorse hafe on his taile. 87
[LAUNC. rises.]

*72. murder] F. murther Q1. muder Q2.

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Launce. It should seeme, then, that *Dobbins* taile growes backward! I am sure hee had more haire of his taile, then I haue of my face, when I last* saw him! 90

Gob. [*passes his hand over L.'s face*] Lord! how art thou changd! how doost thou and thy Maister agree? I haue brought him a present. How gree you now? 93

Launce. Well, well! but for mine owne part, as I haue 'set vp my rest' to runne away, so I will not 'rest' till I haue 'runne' some ground. My Maister's a very *Iewe*! Giue him 'a present'? giue him a halter! I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue, with my ribs. Father! I am glad you [98 are come! giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who in deede, giues rare newe *Lyuories*! If I serue not him, I will 'runne' as farre as God has any ground! [*Sees BASS.*] O rare fortune! heere comes the man! To him, Father! for I am a *Iewe* if I serue the *Iewe* any longer! 103

Enter BASSANIO, with a follower or two: LEONARDO & others.

Bass. [*to a follower*] You may doe so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered! put the *Lyueries* to making! and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging!

[*Exit one of his men.*†

Launce. [*nudging old GOBBO*] To him, Father! 108

Gob. God blesse your worship! [*G. & L. make legs to BASS.*

Bass. Gramercie! wouldst thou ought with me?

Gobbo. Heere's my sonne, Sir, a poore boy 111

Launce. Not 'a poore boy', sir! but the rich *Iewes* man that would, sir, (as my Father shall specifie,)

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serue 115

Lau. Indeede, the short and the long is, I serue the *Iewe*, & haue a desire, (as my Father shall specifie,)

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence!) are scarce catercofins. 119

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the *Iewe* hauing done me wrong, dooth cause me, as my Father (being, I hope, an old man) shall frutifie vnto you 122

*90. *last*] Q1. lost Q2, F. †107. *Exit . . .*] Q1.

111. *Gobbo*] Gobbe Q2. Gob. F, Q1.

The comickall Historie of

Gob. I haue heere a dish of Doves that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my fute is 124

Laun. In verie briefe, the fute is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall knowe by this honest old man, (and, though I say it, though old man, yet poore man,) my Father. 127

Bass. One speake for both! what would you?

Laun. Serue you, fir!

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, fir.

Bass. [*to L.*] I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy fute!

Shylocke, thy Maister, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee: if it be preferment, 132
To leaue a rich *Iewes* seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. (*Launce.*) The old prouerb is very well parted betweene my Maister *Shylocke* and you, fir; 'you haue the grace of God, (fir;) and hee hath enough.' 137

Bass. Thou speakst it well. ¶ Goe, Father, with thy Sonne!
¶ Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out! ¶ Giue him a Lyuerie
More garded then his fellowes: see it done! 141

Clowne. (*Launce.*) Father, in! I cannot get a seruice; no! I haue nere a tong in my head! wel! [*points to his left palm*] if any man in *Italy* haue a fayrer table which dooth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune. [145
Goe too! heere's a fimple lyne of life! heeres a small tryfle of wiues! Alas! fiteene wiues is nothing; a-leuen widdowes and nine maydes is a fimple comming in for one man! and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my [149
life with the edge of a featherbed! heere are fimple scapes! well! if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere. ¶ Father, come! Ile take my leaue of the *Iewe* in the twinkling of an eye!*

[*Exeunt* CLOWNE & GOBBO, with one of BASSANIOS
followers.]

Bass. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, thinke on this! 154
These things being bought, and orderly bestowed,
Returne in haft, for I doe feast to night

My best esteemd acquaintance. Hie thee! goe!
Leon. My best endeuours shall be done heerein. 158

*153. of an eye] Q1.

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Enter GRATIANO.

Grati. [to LEON.] Where's your Maister?

Leonar. [points to BASS.] Yonder, fir, he walkes!
[Exit.

Grati. Signior *Bassanio*!

Bass. *Gratiano*!

Gra. I haue a* fute to you.

Bass. You haue obtained it! 162

Gra. You muft not deny me! I muft goe with you to *Belmont*!

Bass. Why, then, you 'muft'! But heare thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wilde, too† rude, and bold of voyce! 166

Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in fuch eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where thou art not knowne, why, there they show
Something too liberall. Pray thee, take paine 170

To allay with fome cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping fpirit, leaft, through thy wild behauiour,
I be mifconfred in the place I goe to,
And loofe my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, heare me! 174
Yf I doe not put on a sober habite,

Talke with refpect, and fwear but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely:
(Nay more, while grace is faying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and figh, and fay 'Amen!') 179

Vfe all the obseruance of ciuillity,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more! 182

Bass. Well, we fhall see your bearing!

Gra. Nay, but I barre to night! you fhall not gage me
By what we doe to night!

Bass. No, that were pittie!
I would intreate you rather to put on 186
Your holdest fute of mirth; for we haue friends
That purpofe merriment. But far you well,

159. *Exit*] Exit Leonardo Q1,
after l. 158.

*162. a] Q1.

166. too . . too] Q1. to Q2, F.
169. thou art] Q1, 2. they are F.
176. than = then.

The comicall Historie of

I haue some bufines! 189
Gra. And I muft to *Lorenfo* and the reft ;
But we will vifite you at fupper time. [*Exeunt.* 191

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Venice. SHYLOCKES House.

Enter *ISSICA*, and the Clowne, *LAUNCELET GOBBO.*

Ieffica. I am forry thou wilt leaue my Father fo! 1
Our houfe is hell; and thou, a merry deuill,
Didft rob it of fome tafte of tediousnes.
But far thee well! there is a ducat for thee! 4
And, *Launcelet*, foone at fupper fhalt thou fee
Lorenfo, who is thy new Maifters gueft:
Giue him this Letter! doe it fecretly!
And fo farwell! I would not haue my Father 8
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew! [*weeps*] teares exhibit my tongue. Moft
beautifull *Pagan*, moft fweete *Iewe*! If a *Chriftian* doe not
play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceaued! But
adiew! thefe foolifh drops doe fomthing drowne my manly
fpirit: adiew! [*Exit.*

Ieffica. Farwell, good *Launcelet*! 15
Alack! what heynous finne is it in me,
To be afhamed to be my Fathers child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood, 18
I am not to his manners. ô *Lorenfo*,
Yf thou keepe promife, I fhall end this ftrife,
Become a *Chriftian*, and thy louing wife! [*Exit.* 21

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.

Venice. A Footway.

Enter *GRATIANO*, *LORENZO*, *SALARYNO*, and *SOLANIO.*

Loren. Nay! we will flinke away in fupper time, 1
Disguife vs at my lodging, and returne,
All in an houre!

11. *doe*] Q1, 2, F. did F2. 13, 14. *Exit*] Q, F.
1. *Solanio*] See p. 1. Salanio Q1, 2, F.

II. ii. 189-191; iii. 1-21; iv. 1-3.]

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Gratia. We haue not made good preparation ! 4
Salari. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers!
Solanio. 'Tis vile, vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
 And better (in my minde) not vndertooke. 7
Loren. 'Tis now but foure of clocke: we haue two houres
 To furnifh vs.

*Enter LAUNCELET, with a Letter.**

¶ Friend *Launcelet!* whats the newes? 9
Launcelet. And it shal please you to breake vp this, [*glues letter*] it shal seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand! in faith, tis a faire hand! 12
 And whiter then the paper it writ on,

Is the faire hand that writ! [*kisses letter, & reads it.*]

Gratia. Loue newes, in faith!

Launce. By your leaue, fir! [*going*]

Loren. Whither goest thou? 16

Launc. Marry, fir, to bid my old Maister, the *Iewe*, to sup
 to night with my new Maister, the *Christian!*

Loren. [*aside to LAU.*] Hold heere! take this! [*glues money*] tell gentle *Ieffica*

I will not faile her! speake it priuatly! 20

¶ Goe, Gentlemen!

Will you prepare you for this Maske to night?

I am prouided of a Torch-bearer! [*Exit CLOWNE.*]

Sal. I, marry, ile be gone about it fraite! 24

Sol. And so will I!

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano*,

At *Gratianos* lodging, some houre hence!

Sal. Tis good we doe so! [*Exeunt SAL & SOL.*]

Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieffica*? 28

Loren. I must needs tell thee all! she hath directed,

How I shall take her from her Fathers house;

What gold and iewels, she is furnisht with;

What Pages fute she hath in readines. 32

Yf ere the *Iewe* her Father come to heauen,

Yt will be for his 'gentle' daughters sake:

And neuer dare misfortune croffe her foote,

* 9. *Enter . . . Letter*] F. Enter | 27-8. *Exeunt*] Exit Q1, 2, F.
 L. Q1, 2; after 'newes' Q2, F; | 34. *gentle* = Gentile & gentle.
 after line 8 Q.

The comicall Historie of

Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse, 36
'That she is issue to a faithlesse Iewe!'
Come, goe with me! perue this as thou goest.
Faire *Ieffica* shall be my Torch-bearer! [*giues letter to GR.*
[*Exeunt.* 39

Actus Secundus. Scena Quinta.

Venice. Pathway before SHYLOCKES house.

Enter Iewe (SHYLOCKE), and his man that was, the Clowne,
LAUNCELET GOBBO.

Iewe. Well! thou shalt see (thy eyes shall be thy iudge,) 1
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*!
(¶ *What, Ieffica!*) thou shalt not gurmardize,
As thou hast done with mee! (¶ *what, Ieffica!*) 4
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparraile out!
¶ *Why, Ieffica!* I say!

Clowne. 'Why, *Ieffica!*'

Shy. Who bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call!

Clow. Your worship was wont to tell me I could doe
nothing without 'bidding'. 9

Enter IESSICA.

Ieffica. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, *Ieffica*:
There are my Keyes! but wherefore should I goe? 12
I am not bid for loue; they flatter me!
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall *Christian!* *Ieffica*, my girle,
Looke to my house! I am right loth to goe! 16
There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night!

Clowne. I beseech you, sir, goe! my yong Maister doth
expect your reproch. 20

Shy. So doe I his!

Clowne. And they haue conspired together: I will not say
you shall see a Maske; but if you doe, then it was not for
nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black Monday last,
at fixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on

39. *Exeunt*] Exit Q1, 2, F.

II. iv. 36-39; v. 1-25.]

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Ashwensday was foure yeere in thafternoone. 26
Shy. What! are there Maskes? ¶ heare you me, *Ieffica!*
 Lock vp my doores! and when you heare the drumme,
 And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fiffe,
 Clamber not you vp to the cafements then, 30
 Nor thrust your bead into the publique streete
 To gaze on *Christian* fooles with varnisht faces!
 But stop my houfes eares; (I meane, my cafements!)
 Let not the found of shallow fopprie enter 34
 My sober houfe! By *Iacobs* staffe, I sweare,
 I haue no minde of feasting forth to night!
 But I will goe! ¶ Goe you before me, firra!
 Say 'I will come!' 38
Clowne. I will goe before, fir! [*Aside to IESS.*] ¶ Miftris!
 looke out at window for all this!
 There will come a *Christian* by,
 Will be worth a *Jewes* eye! [*Exit.* 42
Shyl. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* ofspring? ha!
Ieffica. His words were 'farewell miftris!' nothing els.
Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
 Snaile-flow in profit; and he sleepes, by day, 46
 More then the wild-cat! Drones biue not with me;
 Therefore I part with him, and part with him
 To one that I would haue him helpe to waft
 His borrowed purfe. ¶ Well, *Ieffica!* goe in! 50
 Perhaps I will returne immediatlie.
 Do as I bid you; shut doores after you!
 'Fast bind, fast find:'
 A prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde! [*Exit.* 54
Ief. Farewell! and if my fortune be not croft,
 I haue a Father, you a daughter, loft! [*Exit.* 56

Actus Secundus. Scena Sexta.

Venice. Footway before SHYLOCKES House.

Enter the Maskers, GRATIANO and SALERINO.

Grat. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo* 1
 Desired vs to make staud.

Sal. His howre is almost past!

The comicall Historie of

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre,
For louers euer runne before the clocke! 4

Sal. O, tenne times faster, *Venus* pidgions flie,
To seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfait!

Gra. That euer holds! Who riseth from a feast 8
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?

Where is the horfe that doth vtread againe
His tedious measures, with the vnbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are, 12
Are with more spirit chafed then enioyd.

How like a younger, or a prodigall,
The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hugd and embraccd by the strumpet wind! 16

How like the prodigall doth she returne,
With ouer-wetherd ribbs and ragged failes,
Leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Sal. Heere comes *Lorenzo*! more of this hereafter! 20

Lor. Sweet freends, your patience for my long abode!
Not I, but my affaires, haue made you waite.
When you shall please to play the theenes for wiues,
Ile watch as long for you then! Approch! 24
Here dwels my father *Iew*. ¶ Howe! Whose within?

JESSICA aboute, in *Boys clothes*.

Ieff. Who are you? tell me for more certainty;
Alheit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue! 28

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue!

Ieffica. '*Lorenzo*,' certaine, 'and my loue,' indeed;
For who 'loue' I so much? and now, who knowes
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art! 32

Ief. Heere, catch this casket! it is worth the paines!
I am glad tis night, you doe not looke on me,
For I am much ashamde of my exchange!
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see 36
The pretty follies that themselues commit;

II. vi. 3-37.]

The Merchant of Venice.

For if they could, *Cupid* himfelfe would bluff
 To fee me thus transformèd to a boy!
Lor. Defcend! for you muft be my torch-bearer! 40
Ief. What! muft I hold a Candle to my fhames?
 They, in themfelues, (goodfooth) are too too light!
 Why, tis an office of difcouery, Loue;
 And I fhould be obfcurd!
Lor. So are you, fweet, 44
 Euen in the louely garnifh of a boy! But come at once!
 For the clofe night doth play the runaway,
 And we are ftaid for at *Baffanio*s feaft!
Ief. I will make faft the doores, & guild my felfe 48
 With fome mo ducats, and be with you ftraight! [*Exit aboue.*
Gra. Now, by my hooede, a *Gentile*, and no *Iew*!
Lor. Befhrow me, but I loue her hartilie!
 For ſhe is wife, if I can iudge of her; 52
 And faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
 And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proou'd herfelfe:
 And therefore like her felfe, 'wife,' 'faire,' and 'true,'
 Shall ſhe be placèd in my conftant foule! 56

Enter IESSICA, below.

¶ What! art thou come? ¶ On, gentlemen!* away!
 Our masking mates by this time for vs ftay. 58
 [*Exit with IESS. & SALERINO.*

Enter ANTHONIO.

An. Whoſe there?
Gra. Signior *Antonio*? 60
Anth. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*! where are all the reſt?
 Tis nine a clocke! our friends all ftay for you!
 No maske to night! the wind is come about;
Baffanio prefently will goe aboard; 64
 I haue ſent twentie out to ſeeke for you!
Gra. I am glad ont! I defire no more delight
 Then to be vnder faile, and gone to night! [*Exeunt.* 67

50. *Gentile*] Q1. gentle Q2, F.
 *57. *gentlemen*] Q2, F. gentleman Q2.

The comicall Historie of

Actus Secundus. Scena Septima.

Belmont. A Hall in PORTIAS House.

Enter PORTIA with MORROCHO, and both they traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines; and discouer
The feuerall Caskets to this noble Prince! 1
Now make your choyse!

Mor. This first of gold, who this inscription beares,
'*Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.*' 4

The second, siluer, which this promise carries,
'*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.*'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt, 8
'*Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.*'

¶ How shall I know if I doe choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince.
If you choose that, then I am yours withall! 12

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement! let me see;
I will furuay th'inscriptions, back againe.
What saies this leaden casket?

'*Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath!*' 16

'Must giue,' for what? for lead? 'hazard' for lead!

This casket threatens! Men that 'hazard all,'

Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shoues of droffe; 20

Ile then, nor 'giue,' nor 'hazard,' ought for lead!

What sayes the Siluer, with her virgin hue?

'*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.*'

'As much as he deserues:' pause there, *Morocho,* 24

And weigh thy vawew with an euen hand!

If thou beest rated by thy estimation,

Thou doost 'deserue' enough; and yet 'enough'

May not extend so farre as to the Ladie; 28

And yet to be afeard of my 'deseruing,'

Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

'As much as I deserue?' why, that's the Ladie!

4. *This*] Q2. the Q1, F.

The Merchant of Venice.

I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes, 32
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
 But more then these, in loue I doe deserue!
 What if I fraid no farther, but chose heere?
 Lets see once more this saying grau'd in gold: 36
 ' *Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire;* '
 Why, thats the Ladie! all the world desires her!
 From the foure corners of the earth, they come
 To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint! 40
 The *Hircanian* deserts, and the vastie wildes
 Of wide *Arabia*, are as throughfares now
 For Princes to come view faire *Portia*!
 The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head 44
 Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
 To stop the forraine spirits; but they come
 (As ore a brooke) to see faire *Portia*!
 One of these three containes her heavenly picture. 48
 If like that Leade containes her? Twere damnation
 To thinke so base a thought! it were too grosse
 To ribb her serecloth in the obscure graue!
 Or shall I thinke, in Siluer shees immurd, 52
 Beeing tenne times vnderalewed to tride gold?
 O sinful thought! neuer so rich a Iem
 Was set in worfe then gold! They haue in *England*,
 A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell 56
 Stampt in gold; but thats insculpt vpon:
 But heere an Angell in a golden bed
 Lies all within! ¶ Deliuer me the key!
 Heere doe I choose! and thriue I as I may! 60
Por. There! take it Prince! and if my forme lie there,
 Then I am yours!
Mor. [*opens the Golden Casket*] O hell! what haue wee
 heare?
 A carrion Death, within whose emptie eye
 There is a written scroule! Ile reade the writing: 64
 [*Reads*] '*All that glisters is not gold!*
Often haue you heard that told; 66
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold; 68

The comicall Historie of

Guiled timbers wormes infold!
Had you beene as wise as bold, 70
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your aunfwere had not beene inscrolde,
'Fareyouwell! your sute is cold!' 73

'Cold,' indeede! and labour loft!
 Then, farewell heate, and, welcome frost! 75
 ¶ *Portia*, adiew! I haue too greeu'd a hart
 To take a tedious leau: thus loofers part! 77
[*Exit, with his Traine. Florish Cornets.**

Por. A gentle riddance! ¶ draw the curtaines! go!
 Let all of his complexion choofe me fo! [*Exeunt.* 79

Actus Secundus. Scena Octava.

Venice: an open Space.

Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.

Sal. Why, man! I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle! 1
 With him, is *Gratiano* gone along;
 And in their ship, I am fure *Lorenzo* is not!
Sola. The villaine *Iew*, with outcries raifd the Duke, 4
 Who went with him to fearch *Bassanios* ship.
Sal. He came too late; the ship was vnderfaile;
 But there the Duke was giuen to vnderftand,
 That in a Gondylo were feene together 8
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieffica*.
 Befides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
 They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.
Sol. I neuer heard a paffion fo confuld, 12
 So frange, outrageous, and fo variable,
 As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in the ftreets:
 'My daughter! ô my ducats! ô my daughter!
 Fled with a *Chriftian*! ô my *Chriftian* ducats! 16
 Iuftice! the law! my ducats! and my daughter!

69. *timbers*] Daniel conj. timber | *77-8. *Florish . . .*] *Cornets*
 doe Q1, 2, F. tombs do Capell. | Dyce. *Flo. Cornets* F, before Sc.
 Johnson conj. | viii.

74. *Cold*] *Mor.* Cold Q1, 2, F.

The Merchant of Venice.

A sealèd bag! two sealèd bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter!
 And Iewels! two stoncs, two rich and precious stoncs, 20
 Stolne by my daughter! Iustice! find the girle!
 Shee hath the stoncs vpon her, and the ducats!

Sal. Why, all the boyes in *Venice* follow him,
 Crying his 'stoncs,' his 'daughter,' and his 'ducats'! 24

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day,
 Or he shall pay for this!

Sal. Marry, well remembred!
 I reafond with a *Frenchman* yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part 28
 The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarièd
 A veſſell of our country richly fraught:
 I thought vpon *Anthonio*, when he told me,
 And wiſht in ſilence that it were not his. 32

Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare;
 Yet doe not fuddainely, for it may greene him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treades not the earth!
 I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part: 36

Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeede
 Of his returne: he aunſwered, 'doe not ſo!
 Slubber* not buſines for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
 But ſtay the very riping of the time! 40
 And for the *Iewes* bond, which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your minde of loue!

Be merry, and imploy your cheefeſt thoughts
 To courtſhip, and ſuch faire oftents of loue 44
 As ſhall conueniently become you there!
 And euen there, his eye being big with teares,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And, with affection wondrous ſencible, 48
 He wrung *Baſſanios* hand; and ſo they parted.

Sol. I thinke hee onely loues the world for him!
 I pray thee, let vs goe and finde him out,
 And quicken his embracèd heauines 52
 With ſome delight or other!

Sal. Doe we ſo! [*Exeunt.* 53

*39. *Slubber*] Q1, F. Slumber Q2.

The comicall Historie of

Actus Secundus. Scena Nona.

Belmont. A Hall in PORTIAS House.

Enter NERRISSA and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee! draw the curtain strait!
The Prince of *Arragon* hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently!

Enter ARRAGON, his trayne, and PORTIA.*

Florish Cornets.†

Por. Behold! there stand the caskets, noble Prince! 4
Yf you choose that wherein I am containd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd!
But if you faile; without more speech, my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediatly! 8

Arra. I am enjoynd by oath to obserue three things:
First, 'neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket twas I chose;' next, 'if I faile 12
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage :'
Lastly, 'if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.'

Por. To these inunſtions, euery one doth sweare, 16
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so haue I addrest me! Fortune now
To my harts hope! Gold, siluer, and base lead!
'Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath :'
You shall looke fairer, ere I giue or hazard! 20
What faies the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire :'
'What many men desire!' that 'many' may be meant 24
By the foole multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,

* 3-4. *Arragon*] Q1, F. *Arrogon* Q2. † 3-4. *Flor. Cornets* F.
II. ix. 1-26.] 32

The Merchant of Venice.

Which pries not to thinteriour, but like the Martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall, 28
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choofe ' what many men defire,'
Becaufe I will not iumpe with common fpirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes! 32
Why, then to thee, thou Siluer treafure houfe!
Tell me once more, what title thou dooft beare :
' *Who choofeth me, shall get as much as he deferues :*'
And well fayde too ! * for who fhall goe about 36
To cofen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the ftampe of merrit ? let none perfume
To weare an vnderferuéd dignity !
O, that eftates, degrees, and offices, 40
Were not deriu'd corruptly ; and that cleare honour
Were purchaft by the merrit of the wearer !
How many then fhould couer, that ftand bare ?
How many be commaunded, that commaund ? 44
How much low peafantry would then be gleaned
From the true feede of honour ? And how much honour
Pickt from the chaffe † and ruin of the times,
To be new varnifht ? ‡ Well ! but to my choife ! 48
' *Who choofeth me shall get as much as he deferues.*'
I will afume defert ! Giue me a key for this,
And infantly vnlocke my fortunes heere !
[*He opens the Siluer casket.*
Portia. Too long a paufe, for that which you finde there !
Arrag. What's heere ? the pourtrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a fhedule ! I will reade it :
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia* !
How much vnlike my hopes and my deferuings ! 56
' *Who choofeth me, shall haue as much as he deferues.*'
¶ Did I ' deferue ' no more then a fooles head ?
Is that my prize ? are my deferts no better ?
Portia. To offend and iudge, are diftinct offices, 60
And of oppoféd natures !
Arrag. What is heere ?

36. *too*] Q1, F. to Q2.

47. *chaffe*] Q1, F. chaft Q2.

48. *varnish*] F. vernish'd Q1.

varnist Q2.

The comicall Historie of

[Hee reads*] *The fier seauen times tried this :* 62
'Seauen times tried' that iudgement† is,
That did neuer choose amis!
Some there be that shadowes kis! 65
Such haue but a shadowes blis!
There be fooles aliue, Iwiis,
Siluerd o're ; and so was this! 68
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head!
So be gone! you are sped! 71

Still more foole I shall appeare
 By the time I linger heere! 73
 With one fooles head I came to woo,
 But I goe away with two! 75
 ¶ Sweet, adiew! Ile keepe my oath,
 Patiently to beare my wroath! [*Exit, with his Traine.*

Portia. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath! 78
 O, these deliberate fooles! when they doe choose,
 They haue the wisdome, by their wit to loose! 80

Nerriff. The auncient saying is no herifis ;
 'Hanging and wining goes by destinie!' 82

Portia. Come, draw the curtaine, *Nerriffa!*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?

Portia. Heere! what would 'my Lord'?

Mess. Madame! there is a-lighted at your gate,
 A young *Venetian*; one that comes before 86
 To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
 From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
 To wit, (besides commends and curtiuous breath,)
 Gifts of rich valiew; yet, I haue not seene 90
 So likely an Embassador of loue!
 A day in Aprill neuer came so fweete,
 To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord! 94

*62. *Hee reads*] Q1 (after *heere*, l. 61). | Q2, F.
 †63. *iudgement*] Q1. iudement | 71. *gone*] Q1, 2, F. gone Sir, F2.
 72. *Still*] *Arrag.* Still Q2.
 II. ix. 62-94.] 34

The Merchant of Venice.

Portia. No more, I pray thee! I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt fay anone he is some kin to thee;
Thou spendst such high-day wit in praying him!
Come, come, *Nerryssa!* for I long to see 98
Quick *Cupids* Post, that comes fo mannerly.
Nerryss. *Bassanio,* Lord Loue! if thy will it be. 100
[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

Venice. An open Space.

Enter † *SOLANIO and SALARINO.*

Solanio. Now, what newes on the *Ryalto?*

Salari. Why, yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio*
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the
'*Goodwins*', I thinke they call the place; a very dangerous
flat, and fatall, where the carcaffes of maury a tall ship lie
buried, as they fay, if my goffip, Report, be an honest woman
of her word. 7

Solanio. I would she were as lying a goffip in that, as euer
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue she wept for
the death of a third husband! But it is true, without any
flips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of talke, that
the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio* (ô that I had a tytle
good enough to keepe his name company!) . . . 13

Salari. Come! the full stop!

Solanio. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath
lost a ship!

Salari. I would it might proue 'the end' of his losses! 17

Solanio. [*sees SHYLOCKE*] Let me say 'Amen' betimes, leaft
the deuil crosse my praier; for heere he comes, in the likenes
of a *Iewe!* ¶ How now, *Shylocke!* what newes among the
Merchants? 21

Enter SHYLOCKE.

Shy. You knew (none so well, none so well as you!) of
my daughters flight!

* *Actus* . . .] F. † *Enter*] Q1, F. 6. *gossip*] Q2. *gossips* Q1, F.
35 [II. ix. 95-100; III. i. 1-23.

The comicall Historie of

Salari. Thats certaine! I, for my part, knew the Taylor that made the wings she flew withall. 25

Solan. And *Shylocke*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; * and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is 'damnd' for it! 29

Salari. Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Iudge!

Shy. My owne flesh and blood, to rebell!

Sola. Out vpon it, old carrion! Rebels it at these yeeres?

Shy. I say, my daughter is 'my flesh and blood.' † 33

Salari. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie; more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red vvine and *Rennish*! But tell vs! doe you hear whether *Antonio* haue had any losse at sea, or no? [37

Shy. There I haue another bad match! a bankrout! a prodigall! who dare scarce shewe his head on the *Ryalto*! a begger that was vld to come so smug vpon the Mart! Let [40 him looke to his Bond! He was wont to call me 'Vfurer': let him looke to his Bond! Hee was wont to lende money for a *Christian* curse; let him looke to his Bond! 43

Salari. Why, I am sure, if he forsaite, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for? 45

Shyl. To baite fish withall! If it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge! Hee hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million; laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies! And whats his reason? I am a *Iewe*! [50 Hath not a *Iewe*, eyes? hath not a *Iewe*, hands, organs, demen-tions, fences, affections, passions? fed with the same fooode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer, as a *Christian* is? If you pricke vs, [55 doe we not bleede? if you tickle vs, doe wee not laugh? If you poyson vs, doe wee not die? and if you wrong vs, shall wee not reuenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that! If a *Iewe* wrong a *Christian*, what is his humillity? Reuenge! If a *Christian* wrong a *Iewe*, what should his [60

*27. fledg'd] Q1, F. flidg Q2. | blood Q2.

†33. blood] Q1. bloud F. my | 43. cursie] Q2. curtsie Q1, F.

The Merchant of Venice.

sufferance be, by *Christian* example? why, Reuenge! The villanie you teach me, I will execute! and it shall goe hard, but I will better the instruction! 63

Enter a Man from ANTHONIO.

Man. Gentlemen! my maister *Antonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Saleri. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him. 66

Enter TUBALL.

Solanio. Heere comes another of the Tribe! a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the denill himselfe turne *Iewe*!

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen (SAL. & SOL.), & ANTH.'s Man.]

Shy. How now, *Tuball*! what newes from *Genowa*? hast thou found my daughter? 70

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her. 72

Shylocke. Why, there, there! there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in *Franchford*! The curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now! I neuer felt it till nowe! Two thousand ducats in that! & other precious, precious [76 iewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare! Would she were beaft at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin! No newes of them! why, fo! and I know not whats spent in the searck! why, thou losse [80 vpon losse! the theefe gone with so much! and so much to finde the theefe! and no satisfaction, no reuenge! nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights a my shoulders! no fighs but a my breathing! no teares but a my shedding! 84

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too: *Antonio*, as I heard in *Genowa*,

Shy. What, what, what? ill lucke? ill lucke? 87

Tuball. Hath an *Argofie* cast away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? Is it true?

Tuball. I spoke with some of the *Saylers* that escaped the wrack. 91

80. *whats*] Q1, 2. how much is F. | 86, 93, 94. *Genowa*] Q2, F.
85. *too*] Q1, F. to Q2. | Genoway Q1.

The comicall Historie of

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tuball!* Good newes! Good newes! ha, ha! Where? in *Genowa*?

Tuball. Your daughter spent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one night, fourescore ducats. 95

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me! I shall neuer see my gold againe. 'Foure score ducats' at a sitting! 'foure score ducats!' 98

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that sweare he cannot choofe but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it! Ile plague him! Ile torture him! I am glad of it! 102

Tuball. One of them shewed mee a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monk. 102

Shy. Out vpon her! thou torturest mee, *Tuball!* it was my Turkeys: I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a Wildernes of Monkies! 107

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone!

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true! Goe, *Tuball!* see me an Officer! bespeake him a fortnight before! I will haue the hart of him, if he forfeite; for, were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will! Goe, *Tuball!* and meete me at our Sinagogue! Goe, good *Tuball!* at our Sinagogue, *Tuball!* [Exeunt. 114

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Belmont. A Hall in *PORTIAS* house. The Caskets set out.

Enter *BASSANIO*, *PORTIA*, *GRATIANO*, and all their traynes:
NERRISSA too.

Portia. [to *BASS.*] I pray you, tarry! pause a day or two 1
Before you hazard! for, in choosing wrong,

I loose your companie. Therefore forbear a while!

Theres something tells me, (but it is not loue!) 4

I would not loose you; and you know your selfe,

Hate counsailes not in such a quallity!

But leaft you should not vnderstand me well,

(And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,) 8

93. Where] Rowe. heere Qq. here F. 113. Goe] Q2. go go Q1.
III. i. 92-114; ii. 1-8.] 38

The Merchant of Venice.

I would detaine you heere some moneth or two
 Before you venture for me! I could teach you
 How to choofe right; but then I am forfworne:
 So will I neuer be! So may you misse me! 12
 But if you doe, youle make me with a sinne,
 That I had beene forfworne! Beshrow your eyes!
 They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me!
 One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours; 16
 Mine owne I would say: but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours! O, these naughty times
 Puts barres betweene the owners and their rights!
 And so, though yours, not yours. Proue it so! 20
 Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I!
 I speake too long; but tis to peize the time,
 To eck* it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election!
Bass. Let me choofe! 24
 For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.
Por. 'Vpon the racke,' *Bassanio!* then confesse
 What treason there is mingled with your loue.
Bass. None but that vgly 'treason' of mistrust, 28
 Which makes me feare th'inioying of my 'Loue'.
 There may as well be amity and life,
 Tweene snow and fire, as 'treason' and my 'loue'!
Por. I, but I feare you speake 'vpon the racke,' 32
 Where men enforc'd doe speake any thing!
Bass. Promise me life; and ile confesse the truth!
Portia. Well, then, 'confesse' and liue!
Bass. 'Confesse and loue,'
 Had beene the very sum of my confession! 36
 O happy torment, when my torturer
 Doth teach me aunsweres for deliuerance!
 But let me to my fortune, and the caskets!
Portia. Away then! I am lockt in one of them. 40
 If you doe loue me, you will finde me out!
 ¶ *Nerryssa* and the rest, stand all aloofe! [*They draw back.*
 ¶ Let musique sound while he doth make his choyse;
 Then, if he loofe, he makes a Swan-like end, 44

*23. *eck*] Q1. ech Q2. ich F. (*eck* = eke.)

The comicall Historie of

Fading in musique! That the comparifon
 May ftand more proper, my eye fhall be the ftream
 And watry death-bed for him. He may win!
 And what is musique than? Than musique is 48
 Euen as the flourifh, when true fubieçts howe
 To a new crownèd Monarch: Such it is,
 As are thofe dulcet founds, in breake of day,
 That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare, 52
 And fummion him to marriage. Now he goes
 With no leffe preffence, but with much more loue,
 Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeerne
 The virgine tribute, payed by howling *Troy* 56
 To the Sea-monfter! I ftand for facrifice;
 The reft 'alooofe' are the *Dardanian* wiues, [*Points to NER. &.*
 With blearèd viſages come forth to view
 The iffue of th'exploit! Goe, *Hercules!* 60
 Liue thou, I liue! With much much more difmay
 I view the fight, then thou that mak'ft the fray! 62
*Here Musicke.**

*A Song, the whilst BASSANTO comments on the Caskets
 to himſelfe.*

(1)

*Tell me, where is Fancie bred?
 Or in the hart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourifhèd?* 65
Replie! replie!

(2)

*It is engendred in the eyes;
 With gazing fed; and Fancie dies
 In the cradle where it lies!* 69

(3)

*Let vs all ring Fancies knell!
 Ile begin it: Ding, dong, bell!
 All. Ding, dong, bell!* 72

Baff. So may the outward fhowes be leaft themſelues:

61. *much much*] Q2. much Q, F. *62. *Here Musicke*] F.
 67. *eyes*] F. eye Q1, 2. (*eyes* is right for the triplet.)

The Merchant of Venice.

The world is still deceau'd with ornament. 74
 In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being feafon'd with a gracious voyce, 76
 Obscures the flow of euill? In Religion,
 What damn'd error, but some sober brow
 Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,
 Hiding the grofnes with faire ornament? 80
 There is no vyce so simple, but assumes
 Some marke of vertue on his outward parts!
 How many cowards, whose harts are all as false
 As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins 84
 The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
 Who, (inward searcht,) haue lyuers white as milke!
 And these assume but valours excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty, 88
 And you shall see tis purchast by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that weare most of it:
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks, 92
 (Which mak'th such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Vpon supposed fairenes;) often knowne
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The scull that bred them, in the Sepulcher! 96
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beautiful scarfe
 Vailing an *Indian* beauty;¹ In a word,
 The seeming truth, which cunning times put on 100
 To intrap the wisest! Therefore,* thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee!
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 Tweene man and man! but Thou, thou meager Lead, 104
 (Which rather threatenst, then dost promise ought,)
 Thy palenes moues me more then eloquence;
 And heere choose I! ioy be the consequence! 107
 [An Attendant brings him the key.]
Por. [*aside*] How all the other passions fleet to ayre!

81. *vyce*] F2. voyce Q1, 2. voice F. { ¹? dangerous, by her beauty, to
 93. *mak'th*] maketh Q1, 2. makes F. { a Christian's faith.
 F. { *101. *Therefore*] Q1. Therefore
 { then, Q2, F.

The comicall Historie of

(As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire, 109
 And shyddring feare, and greene-eyed iعالoufie!)
 O loue! be moderate, allay thy extasie! 111
 In meafure raine thy ioy! fcant this exceffe!
 I feele too much thy blessing! make it leffe, 113
 For feare I furfeit!

Baf. [*opens the leaden Casket.*] What finde I heere?
 Faire *Portias* counterfeit! What demy-God
 Hath come fo neere creation? Moue thefe eyes? 116
 Or whether,* riding on the balls of mine,
 Seeme they in motion? Heere are feuerd lips,
 Parted with fuger breath! fo sweet a barre
 Should funder fuch sweet friends! Heere, in her haire, 120
 The Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wouen
 A golden mesh t'yntnap the harts of men
 Fafter then gnats in cobwebs! But her eyes!
 How could he see to doe them? hauing made one, 124
 Me thinks it should haue power to steale both his,
 And leaue it selfe vnfurnisht! Yet looke! how farre
 The substance of my praife doth wrong this shadow,
 In vnderprying it, fo farre this shadow 128
 Doth limpe behinde the substance! Heeres the scroule,
 The continent and summarie of my fortune!

(1)

[*Reads*] *You that choofe not by the view,* 131
Chaunce as faire, and choofe as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seeke no new! 134

(2)

If you be well pleas'd with this, 135
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kis! 138

A gentle scroule! ¶ Faire Lady! by your leaue! [*kisses her.*
 I come by note to giue, and to receaue! 140

*117. *whether*] F. whither Q1, 2. 139. Q2, F repeat *Bass.* here.
 III. ii. 109-140.] 42

The Merchant of Venice.

Like one of two contending in a prize,	142
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes,	142
Hearing applaufe and vniuerfall shoute,	144
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt,	144
Whether those peales of praife be his or no :	146
So, thrice-faire Lady, stand I euen so,	146
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,	148
Vntill confirmd, fignd, ratified by you!	148
<i>Por.</i> You see me, Lord <i>Bassanio</i> , where I stand,	
Such as I am ! though, for my selfe alone,	
I would not be ambitious in my wifh,	
To wifh my selfe much better, yet for you,	152
I would be trebled twentie times my selfe,	
A thoufand times more faire, tenne thoufand times	
More rich, that, onely to stand high in your account,	
I might, in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,	156
Exceede 'account'. But the full fumme of me	
Is fume of something : which, to terme in groffe,	
Is an vnlesfond girle, vnſchoold, vnpractized ;	
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet fo old	160
But ſhe may learne ; happier then this,	
Shee is not bred fo dull, but ſhe can learne ;	
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit	
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,	164
As from her Lord, her Gouvernour, her King.	
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours	
Is now conuerted. But now, I was the Lord	
Of this faire manſion, maifter of my ſeruants,	168
Queene ore my ſelfe ; and euen now, but now,	
This houſe, theſe ſeruants, and this ſame my ſelfe,	
Are yours, my Lords : I giue them with this ring,	
Which, when you part from, looſe, or giue away,	172
Let it preſage the ruine of your loue,	
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.	
<i>Baſſ.</i> Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words !	
Onely my blood ſpeakes to you in my vaines ;	176
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,	

158. *ſumme*] Q2. *ſumme* Q1. 158. *ſomething*] Q1, 2. nothing F.
171. *Lords*] Q2. Lord Q1, F.

The comickall Historie of

As, after some oration fairely spoke
 By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
 Among the buzzing pleafed multitude, 180
 Where euey fomthing, beeing blent together,
 Turnes to a wild of nothing, faue of ioy
 Expreft, and not exprest: but when this ring
[*He puts it on his finger.*]
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence! 184
 O, then be bold to fay '*Baffanios* dead!'

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time,
 That haue ftoode by and feene our wifhes prosper,
 To cry 'good ioy! good ioy, my Lord and Lady!' 188

Gra. My Lord *Baffanio*, and my gentle Lady,
 I wifh you all the ioy that you can wifh;
 For I am fure you can wifh none from me:
 And when your Honours meane to folemnnize 192
 The bargaine of your fayth, I doe befeech you,
 Euen at that time I may be married too.*

Baff. With all my hart, fo thou canft get a wife!
Gra. I thanke your Lordfhip! you haue got me one! 196
 My eyes, my Lord, can looke as fwift as yours:
 You faw the miftres; I beheld the mayd:
 You lou'd; I lou'd; for intermiffion:
 No more pertaines to me, my Lord, then you: 200
 Your fortune ftood vpon the caskets there,
 And fo did mine too,† as the matter falls:
 For, wooing heere vntill I fwet againe,
 And fwearing till my very roofo‡ was dry 204
 With oathes of loue, at laft, (if promife 'laft,')
 I got a promife of this faire one heere,
 To haue her loue, prouided that your fortune
 Atchiu'd her miftres.

Por. Is this true, *Nerriffa*? 208
Ner. Maddam, it is; fo you ftand pleafd withall!
Baff. And doe you, *Gratiano*, meane good fayth?
Gra. Yes, 'faith,' my Lord!
Baff. Our feaft fhall be much honored in your mariage! 212

*194. too] F. to Q1, 2.

†202. too] Q1, F. to Q2.

‡204. rooffe] Q1. rough Q2, F.

209. so] Q1, 2. So, so F.

The Merchant of Venice.

Gra. [to **NER.**] Wele play with them the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What! and stake downe? 215

Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport, and 'Stake downe!'
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What! and my old *Venecian* friend *Salerio*?

Enter **LORENZO**, **IESSICA**, and **SALERIO**, a Messenger from Venice.

Bassa. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether! 219
(If that the youth of my newe intrest heere [leave,
Haue power to bid you 'welcome'!]) [To **PORTIA**] By your
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet *Portia*, 'welcome'!

Por. So doe I, my Lord!
They are intirely 'welcome'. 224

Lor. I thanke your honour! For my part, my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me, (paff all saying nay!) 228
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my Lord,
And I haue reason for it! Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you. [Glues **A.**'s letter to **BASS.**

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me, how my good friend doth! 232

Sal. Not ficke, my Lord, vnlesse it be in mind;
Nor well, vnlesse in mind: his Letter there
Wil show you his estate. [BASSANIO opens* the Letter.

Gra. *Nerrissa!* cheere yond stranger! bid her welcom!
[NER. welcomes **IESSICA.**

¶ Your hand, *Salerio!* what's the newes from Venice? 237
How doth that royall Merchant, good *Antonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe:

We are the *Iasons!* we haue wone the Fleece! 240
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. [aside] There are some shrowd contents in yond same
Paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanios* cheeke!

*235. opens] He opens . . . Q1. Opens . . . F. Open . . . Q2.

The comickall Historie of

Some deere friend dead ! else nothing in the world 244
 Could turne so much the constitution
 Of any constant man. What ! worse and worse ?
 ¶ With leaue, *Bassanio* ! I am halfe your selfe,

[Lays her hand on his arm.

And I must freely haue the ' halfe ' of any thing 248
 That this same paper brings you !

Bass. O sweete *Portia* !

Heere are a few of the vnpleasant'ft words
 That euer blotted paper ! Gentle Lady !
 When I did first impart my loue to you, 252

I freely told you 'all the wealth I had,
 Ranne in my vaines : I was a Gentleman' ;
 And then I told you true : and yet, deere Lady,
 Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see 256

How much I was a Braggart. When I told you
 ' My state was nothing,' I should then haue told you
 That I was worse then ' nothing' : for, indeede,
 I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend, 260

Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie,
 To feede my meanes ! Heere is a Letter, Lady,
 The paper as the body of my friend,
 And euery word in it a gaping wound 264

Iffuing life blood ! ¶ But is it true, *Salerio* ?
 Hath all his ventures faild ? what ! not one hit ?
 From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico* and *England*,
 From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India* : 268

And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
 Of Merchant-marring rocks ?

Sal. ' Not one,' my Lord !

Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the *Jew*, 272
 Hee would not take it. Neuer did I know

A creature that did beare the shape of man,
 So keene and greedie to confound a man !
 He pyles the Duke at morning and at night ; 276
 And doth impeach the freedome of the state,
 If they deny him iustice ! Twentie Merchants,
 The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
 Of greatest port, haue all perswaded with him ;

III. ii. 244-280.]

The Merchant of Venice.

But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond!

Ieffi. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare,
To *Tuball*, and to *Chus*, his country men, 284
That he would rather haue *Anthonios* flesh,
Then twentie times the value of the summe
That he did owe him : and I know, my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not, 288
It will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your 'deere friend,' that is thus in trouble?

Baff. The 'deereft friend' to me, the kindest man,
The best conditiond and vnweari'd spirit 292
In dooing curtesies; and one in whom
The auncient *Romaine* honour more appears,
Then any that drawes breath in *Italie*!

Por. What summe owes he the *Jew*? 296

Baff. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What! no more?

Pay him six thousand, & deface the bond!
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend, of this discription, 300
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanios* fault!
First goe with me to Church, and call me 'wife',
And then away to *Venice* to your friend!
For neuer shall you lie by *Portias* side 304
With an vnquiet soule! You shall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer!
When it is payd, bring your true friend along!
My mayd *Nerriffa*, and my selfe, meane time, 308
Will liue as maydes and widdowes. Come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day! 310
Bid your frends welcome! show a merry cheere!
Since you are deere-bought, I will loue you 'deere'. 312
But let me heare the letter of your friend!

Bass. [*reads*] Sweet *BASSANIO*! my ships haue all miscaried,
my Creditors growe cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to
the *Jewe* is forfeite; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I
should liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you and I, if I might

301. through] Q1, 2, F. through my F2.

The comicall Historie of

but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, vse your pleasure :
if your loue do not perfwade you to come, let not my letter !

Por. O loue ! dispatch all busines, and be gone ! 320

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haft ; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guiltie of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine ! [Exeunt. 324

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

Venice. An open space.

Enter the Iew (SHYLOCKE), and SALERINO,* and ANTHONIO,
and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor ! looke to him ! ¶ Tell not me of mercie ! 1
This is the foole that lent out money gratis !
¶ Iaylor ! looke to him !

Ant. Heare me yet, good *Shylock* !

Iew. Ile haue my Bond ! speake not against my Bond ! 4
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my Bond !
Thou call'st me 'dogge,' before thou hadst a cause ;
But, since I am a 'dog,' beware my phanges !
The Duke shall graunt me iustice. ¶ I do wonder, 8
Thou naughtie Iaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroade with him at his request !

An. I pray thee, heare me speake !

Iew. Ile haue my Bond ! I will not heare thee speake ! 12
Ile haue my Bond ! and therefore speake no more !
Ile not be made a soft and dull-eyde foole, [SH. walks away.
To shake the head, relent, and yeld ANT. follows
To Christian intercessers ! Follow not ! him. 16
Ile haue no speaking ! I will haue my Bond ! [Exit Iew.

Sal. It is the most impenitible curre
That euer kept with men !

An. Let him alone !

Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers. 20
Hee seekes my life ; his reason well I know :

318. but] Q1, 2. F om.

* Salerino] Salarino Q2. Salarino

Q. Solanio F.

18. Sal.] Sol. Q1, 2, F.

The Merchant of Venice.

I oft deliuerd from his forfeitures,
 Many that haue at times made mone to me ;
 Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke 24
 Will neuer grant this forfeiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot denie the course of Law ;
 For the commoditie that strangers haue
 With vs in *Venice*, if it be denyed, 28
 Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
 Since that the trade and profit of the citty
 Confisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe!
 These griefes and losses haue so bated me, 32
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
 ¶ Well, Iaylor, on! pray God, *Bassanio* come
 To see me pay his debt! and then I care not. [*Exeunt.* 36

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.

A Room In PORTIAS house.

Enter PORTIA, NERRISSA, LORENZO, IESSICA, and
 BALTHASER, a man of PORTIAS.

Lor. Maddam! although I speake it in your prefence, 1
 You haue a noble and a true conceite
 Of God-like amitie, which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your Lord. 4
 But if you knew, to whom you shew this honour,
 How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
 How deere a louer of my Lord, your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the worke, 8
 Then custumarie bountie can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for dooing good,
 Nor shall not now; for, in companions
 That doe conuerse and wast the time together, 12
 Whose soules doe beare an egall yoke of loue,
 There must be needes a like proportion
 Of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
 Which makes me thinke that this *Antonio* 16

24. *Sal.*] Q1, 2. Sol. F.

29. *of the*] Q2, F. of his Q1.

[III. iii. 22-36; iv. 1-16.

The comicall Historie of

(Being the bofome louer of my Lord,)
 Muft needes he like my Lord. If it be fo,
 How little is the coft I haue beftowed
 In purchafing the femblance of my foule 20
 From out the ftate of hellifh cruelty!
 This comes too neere the praifing of my felfe;
 Therefore no more of it: heere other things!
Lorenfo! I commit into your hands, 24
 The husbandry and mannage of my houfe,
 Vntill my Lords returne. For mine owne part,
 I haue, toward heauen, breath'd a fecret vowe,
 To liue in prayer and contemplation, 28
 Onely attended by *Nerriffa* heere,
 Vntill her husband and my Lords returne.
 There is a Monaftery* two miles off,
 And there we will abide. I doe defire you 32
 Not to denie this impofition,
 The which my loue, and fome neceffity,
 Now layes vpon you.

Lorenf. Madame! with all my hart,
 I fhall obey you in all faire commaunds. 36

Por. My people doe already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and *Ieffica*,
 In place of Lord *Baffanio* and my felfe.
 So fare † you well till we fhall meete againe! 40

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you!

Ieffi. I wifh your Ladifhip all harts content!

Por. I thank you for your wifh, and am well pleafd
 To wifh it back on you. Fare † you well, *Ieffica!* 44
 [Exeunt **LOB.** & **IESSI.**]

¶ Now, *Balthazer!*

As I haue euer found thee honeft, true,
 So let me find thee ftill! Take this fame letter,
 (And vie thou all th' indeuour of a man,) 48
 In fpede to *Mantua!* fee thou render this

21. *cruelty*] Q2, F. misery Q1. | F. And fo fare Q1.
 23. *heere* = hear. | †44. *Fare you well!* Fare well Q1.
 *31. *Monastery*] Q1, F. Monas- | far you well Q2, F.
 try Q2. | 49. *Mantua*] Q1, 2, F. Padua
 †40. *So fare you!* So far you Q2, | Theobald. See IV. i. 119.
 III. iv. 17-49.] 50

The Merchant of Venice.

Into my cofins hand, Doctor *Belario*;
 And looke, what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
 Bring them (I pray thee,) with imagin'd speede, 52
 Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
 Which trades to *Venice*. Waft no time in words,
 But get thee gone! I shall be there before thee. 55

Baltha. Madam! I goe with all conuenient speede. [*Exit.**

Portia. Come on, *Nerriffa*! I haue worke in hand
 That you yet know not of. Weele see our husbands
 Before they thinke of vs!

Nerriffa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall, *Nerriffa*; but in such a habite, 60
 That they shall thinke we are accomplish'd
 With that we lacke. Ile hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accoutered like young men,
 Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two, 64
 And weare my dagger with the brauer grace;
 And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
 With a reede voyce; and turne two minfing steps
 Into a manly fride; and speake of frays 68
 Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes:
 'How honorable Ladies fought my loue;
 Which I denying, they fell ficke and dyed:
 I could not doe withall.' Then Ile repent, 72
 And wish for all that, that I had not killd them;
 And twenty of these punie lies Ile tell,
 That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
 About a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde 76
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging *Jacks*,
 Which I will practise.

Nerriffa. Why! shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie! what a question's that,
 If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter! 80
 But come! Ile tell thee all my whole deuce
 When I am in my coach, which staves for vs
 At the Parke gate; and therefore haste,† away!
 For we must measure twenty miles to day. [*Exeunt.* 84

*56. *Exit*] Q1.

63. *accoutered*] Q2, F. apparrell | Q1.

†83. *haste*] F. hast Q2.

The comicall Historie of

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Belmont. Portias Park.

Enter Clowne (LAUNCELET GOBBO) and IESSICA.

Clowne. Yes, truly! for, looke you, the finnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children: therefore (I promise you,) I feare you. I was alwaies plaine with you; and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good chere; for truly I thinke you are damnd! There is but one hope in it that can doe you any good; and that is but a kinde of bastard hope, neither. 7

Ieffica. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry, you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the *Iewes* daughter. 10

Ieffica. That were 'a kind of bastard hope' in deede! so the finnes of my Mother should be vifited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damnd both by Father and Mother: thus when I fhun *Scilla*, your father, I fall into *Caribdis*, your mother: Well! you are gone both wayes! 15

Ieffica. I shall be sau'd by my Husband. He hath made me a *Christian*.

Clowne. Truly, the more to blame he! We were *Christians* enow before, e'ne* as many as could well liue one by another. This making of *Christians* will raise the price of Hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly haue a rasher on the coles for mony! 22

Enter LORENZO.

Ieffi. Ile tell my husband, *Launcelet*, what you say: here he comes! †

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly, *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners. 26

Ieffica. Nay, you neede not feare vs, *Lorenzo*! *Launcelet* and I are out. He tells me flatly, there's no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a *Iewes* daughter. And he sayes

4. a] Q1, 2. of F.
*19. e'ne] Q1, F. in Q2.

III. v. 1-29.]

†24. comes] Q1, F. come? Q2.
25. iealous] Q2. iealous Q1, F.

The Merchant of Venice.

you are no good member of the Common-wealth, for, in conuerting *Iewes* to *Christians*, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. [to LAUN.] I shall aunfwere that better to the Common-wealth, than you can the getting vp of the *Negroes* belly: the *Moore* is with child by you, *Launcelet*!¹ 34

Clowne. It is much that the *Moore* should be 'more then reason': but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeede 'more' then I tooke her for. 37

Loren. How euery foole can play vpon the word! I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats! ¶ Goe in, sirra! bid them 'prepare for dinner!' 41

Clowne. That is done, fir; they haue all stomacks.

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! Then bid them 'prepare dinner!' 44

Clowne. That is done too, fir; onely 'couer' is the word.

Loren. Will you 'couer', than, fir?

Clowne. Not so, fir, neither; I know my duty. 47

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: Goe to thy fellowes! bid them couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner. 52

Clowne. For the 'table,' fir, it shall be 'seru'd in'; for the 'meate,' fir, it shall be 'couerd'; for your 'comming in to dinner,' fir, why, let it be as humors and conceites shall gouerne! [Exit Clowne. 56

Loren. O deare discretion! how his words are futed!

The foole hath planted in his memorie
An Armie of good words; and I doe know
A many fooles that stand in better place, 60

Garnisht like him, that, for a trickie word,
Defie the matter. How cheerst* thou, *Ieffica*?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How doost thou like the Lord *Bassanios* wife? 64

Ieffi. Past all expressing! It is very meeete
The Lord *Bassanio* liue an vpright life,

¹ Cp. *L.L. Lost*, V.ii.656. Launcelet has been in Belmont 3 days.
43. Then] F. than Q2.

45. too] to Q1, 2, F.
*62. cheerst] F. cherst Q2.
far'st Q1.

The comicall Historie of

For, hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
 He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth; 68
 And, if on earth he doe not meane it, then *
 In reason he should neuer come to heauen.
 Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match,
 And on the wager lay two earthly women, 72
 And *Portia* one: there must be somthing else
 Paund with the other; for the poore rude world
 Hath not her fellow!
Loren. Euen such a husband
 Haft thou of me, as she is for a † wife. 76
Ieffi. Nay! but aske my opinion too of that!
Loren. I will anone: first let vs goe to dinner!
Ieffi. Nay! let me praise you while I haue a stomack.
Loren. No, pray thee! let it serue for table talke; 80
 Then, how-somere thou speakest, mong other things,
 I shall disgest it!
Ieffi. Well! Ile fet you forth. [Exeunt. †

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Venice. The High Court of Justice.

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTHONIO, BASSANIO, and
 GRATIANO, with SALERIO, & Attendants.*

Duke. What! is *Antonio* heere?
Antho. Ready! so please your grace!
Duke. I am sorry for thee. Thou art come to aunfwere
 A stonie aduersarie, an inhumaine wretch,
 Vncapable of pittie, voyd and empty 4
 From any dram of mercie.
Antho. I haue heard,
 Your Grace hath tane great paines to quallifie
 His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
 And that no lawfull meanes can carry me 8
 Out of his enuies reach, I doe oppose
 My patience to his furie, and am armed

*69-70. then In] Q1. it In Q2.

it Is F.

†76. a] F.

III. v. 67-82; IV. i. 1-10.]

77. too] to Q1, 2, F.

82. digest] Q1, 2. digest F.

†82. Exeunt.] F. Exit Q1, 2.

The Merchant of Venice.

To suffer, with a quietnes of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his. 12

Duke. Goe one, and cal the *Iew* into the Court!

Salerio. He is ready at the dore; he comes, my Lord!

Enter SHYLOCKE.

Duke. Make roome; and let him stand before our face!
¶ *Shylocke!* the world thinks, and I thinke so too, 16
That thou but leadeft this fashion of thy mallice
To the last houre of act; and then tis thought
Thowlt shew thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty; 20
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,)
Thou wilt not onely loofe the forfeiture,
But, toucht with humaine gentlenes and loue, 24
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
Glauncing an eye of pitty on his losses,
That haue of late so huddled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe, 28
And pluck comiseration of his state*
From brassie bosomes, and rough harts of flints,
From stubborne *Turkes*, and *Tarters*, neuer traind
To offices of tender curtesie: 32
We all expect a gentle aunfwere, *Iewe!*

Iewe. I haue possesst your Grace of what I purpose,
And, by our holy Sabaoth haue I sworne,
To haue the due and forfet of my Bond! 36
If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Citties freedome!
Youle aske me 'why I rather choofe to haue
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receaue 40
Three thousand Ducats?' Ile not aunfwer that;
But say 'it is my humour.' Is it aunfwerd?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleafd to giue ten thousand ducats 44
To haue it baird? What! are you aunfwerd yet?

16. *too*] to Q1, 2, F.

17. *leades*] Q1, 2. lead'st F.

*29. *his state*] Q1, F. this states

Q2.

30. *flints*] Q2, F. flint Q1.

35. *Sabaoth*] Q2. Sabbath Q1, F

The comicall Historie of

Some men there are, loue not a gaping Pigge;
 Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
 And others, when the Bagpipe sings ith nose, 48
 Cannot containe their Vrine; for affection,
 Maistres of passion, fwayes it to the moode
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your aunfwer!
 As there is no firme reason to be rendred, 52
 Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge;
 Why he, a harmeleffe necessarrie Cat;
 Why he, a woollen Bagpipe; but, of force,
 Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame, 56
 As to offend, himselfe being offended;
 So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
 (More then a lodgd hate, and a certaine loathing
 I beare *Anthonio*,) that I follow thus 60
 A loosing fute against him. Are you aunfwered?
Bass. This is no 'aunfwer,' thou vnfeeling man,
 To excuse the currant of thy cruelty!
Iewe. I am not bound to please thee with my answers! 64
Bass. Doe all men kill the things they doe not loue?
Iewe. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Euery offence is not a hate at first. 67
Iewe. What! wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee twice?
Anth. I pray you, think you question with the *Iewe*!
 You may as well goe stand vpon the Beach,
 And bid the maine flood bate his vsuall height;
 You may as* well vse question with the Woolfe, 72
 Why he hath made† the Ewe bleate‡ for the Lambe;
 You may as well forbid the Mountaine§ Pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are fretten with the gusts of heauen; 76
 You may as well doe any thing most hard,
 As seeke to soften that, then which what's harder?
 His *Iewish* hart. Therefore, I doe beseech you,

50. *Maistres*] Mistress, Capell
 (Thirby conj.). Maisters Q1, 2, F.
 64. *answers*] Q2. answer Q1, F.
 *72. *You may as*] Q1. Q2 om.
 Or euen as F.
 †73. *Why he hath made*] Q1. Q2, F om.
‡73. *bleate*] F. bleake Q1, 2.
§74. *Mountaine*] F. mountaine
of Q1, 2.
76. *fretten*] Q1, 2. fretted F.

The Merchant of Venice.

Make no more offers, use no farther means,	80
But, with all briefe and plaine conueniencie, Let me haue iudgement, and the <i>Iewe</i> his will.	
<i>Bass.</i> For thy three thousand ducats, heere is fixe!	
<i>Iewe.</i> If euery ducat in fixe thousand ducats	84
Were in fixe parts, and euery part a ducat, I would not draw them! I would haue my Bond!	
<i>Duk.</i> How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?	
<i>Iewe.</i> What iudgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?	88
You haue among you many a purchaft slaue, Which (like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules, You use in abiect and in slauish parts, Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,	92
‘Let them be free! marry them to your heires! ‘Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds ‘Be made as soft as yours; and let their pallats ‘Be seafond with such Viands!’ You will aunfwer,	96
‘The slaues are ours.’ So doe I aunfwer you: ‘The pound of flesh which I demaund of bim, ‘Is deerely bought: tis* mine, and I will haue it!’ If you deny me, fie vpon your Law!	100
There is no force in the decrees of <i>Venice</i> . I stand for iudgement! aunfwer! Shall I haue it?	
<i>Duke.</i> Vpon my power, I may difmisse this Court, <i>Vnlesse Bellario</i> , a learnèd Doctour, Whom I haue sent for to determine this, Come heere to day.	104
<i>Salerio.</i> My Lord! heere staves without, A Messenger, with Letters from the Doctour, New come from <i>Padua</i> .	108
<i>Duke.</i> Bring vs the Letters! Call the Messenger! <i>Bass.</i> Good cheere, <i>Antonio</i> ! What, man! courage yet! The <i>Iew</i> shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all, Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.	112
<i>Antho.</i> I am a tainted weather of the flocke, Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruite Drops earlieft to the ground; and so let me! You cannot better be imployd, <i>Bassanio</i> ,	116
Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.	

*99. *tis*] Q1. 'tis F. as Q2. 109. *Messenger*] Q1, 2. Messengers F.
57 [IV. i. 80-117.

The comicall Historie of

Enter NERRISSA, as BELLARIOS Messenger.

Duke. Came you from *Padua*? from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both, my Lord! *Bellario* greetes your Grace.

[Gives him B.'s Letter.]

Baff. [to SH.] Why doost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Iewe. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there. 121

Gratia. Not on thy soale,* but on thy soule, harsh *Iew*,

Thou makst thy knife keene; but no mettell can
(No, not the hangmans Axe,) beare halfe the keenenesse 124

Of thy sharpe enuie. Can no prayers pearce thee?

Iewe. No! none that thou hast wit enough to make!

Gratia. O, be thou damnd, inexcusable dogge!

And, for thy life, let iustice be accusd! 128

Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith,

To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,

That foules of Animalls infuse themselues

Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit 132

Gouernd a Wolfe, who, hangd for humane slaughter,

Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleete;

And, whilest thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam,

Infusd it selfe in thee: For thy desires 136

Are vvoluifish, bloody, staru'd, and rauenuous.

Iewe. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my Bond,

Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud.

Repaire thy wit, good youth, or it will fall 140

To curelesse ruine. I stand heere for Law!

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend

A young and learn'd Doctor to our Court:

Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by, 144

To know your aunswer, whether youle admit him.

Duke. With all my hart! ¶ Some three or foure of you
Goe giue him curteous conduct to this place!

[Exeunt 3 or 4 Attendants.]

¶ Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarios* Letter. 148

[Reads] *Your Grace shall vnderstand, that (at the receipt of your*

*122. soale] F. soule Q1, 2.

127. inexcusable. In- is intensive:
cp. in-canus quite grey, hoary.

141. curelesse] Q1, 2. endlesse

F. 143. to] Q1, 2. in F.

The Merchant of Venice.

Letter) I am very sicke; but in the instant that your Meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young Doctör of Rome: his name is Balthazer. I acquainted him with the cauſe in controuerſie, between the Iew and Anthonio the Merchant: Wee turnd ore many bookes together: hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which, bettered with his owne learning, (the greatnes whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him, at my importunitie, to fill vp your Graces requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lacke of yeeres be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation; for I neuer knew ſo young a body, with ſo olde a head. I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe tryall ſhall better publiſh his commendation. 162

Enter PORTIA, for BALTHAZER, conducted by the 3 or 4 Attendants.

Duke. You heare the learnd *Bellario*, what he writes; And heere (I take it,) is the Doctör come.

¶ Giue me your hand! Come you from old *Bellario*?

Portia. I did, my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome! take your place! 166
Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court?

Por. I am enformèd throughly of the cauſe.

Which is the Merchant here? and which the *Iew*? 170

Duke. *Anthonio*, and old *Shylocke*! both ſtand forth!

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the fute you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law 174
Cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.

[*To ANTE.*] You ſtand within his danger, doe you not?

An. I, ſo he ſayes.

Por. Doe you confeſſe the bond?

An. I doe.

Por. Then muſt the *Iew* be mercifull. 178

Shy. On what compulſion 'muſt' I? Tell me that!

Por. The qualitie of Mercie is not fraind:
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen

165. *Come*] Q1, 2. *Came F.* 179. *Shy.*] Q1, 2. *Iew F.*

The comucall Historie of

Vpon the place beneath. It is twife blest : 182
 It bleffeth him that giues, and him that takes :
 Tis mightieft in the mightieft; it becomes
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
 His fcepter shoves the force of temporall power; 186
 (The attribut to awe and Maieftie,
 Wherein doth fit the dread and feare of Kings;)
 But Mercie is about this fceptred fway;
 It is enthroned in the harts of Kings; 190
 It is an attribut to God himfelfe;
 And earthly power doth then fhew likeft Gods,
 When Mercie feafons Iuftice. Therefore, *Jew*,
 Though Iuftice be thy plea, confider this, 194
 That, in the courfe of Iuftice, none of vs
 Should fee faluation. We doe pray for Mercy;
 And that fame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
 The deedes of Mercie. I haue fpoke thus much 198
 To mittigate the Iuftice of thy plea;
 Which, if thou follow, this ftrict Court of *Venice*
 Muft needes giue fentence gainft the Merchant there.
Shy. My deedes vpon my head! I craue the Law, 202
 The penalty and forfaite of my Bond!
Por. Is he not able to difcharge the money?
Baff. Yes! heere I tender it for him in the Court,
 Yea, twife the fumme! If that will not fuffife, 206
 I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
 On forfait of my hands, my head, my hart!
 If this will not fuffife, it muft appeare
 That Malice beares downe Truth. And, I befeech you, 210
 Wreft once the Law to your authoritie:
 To doe a great right, doe a little wrong,
 And curbe this cruel deuill of his will!
Por. It muft not be! there is no power in *Venice* 214
 Can alter* a decree eftablifhed:
 'Twill be recorded for a Precedent,
 And many an errour by the fame example,
 Will rufh into the ftate: It cannot be! 218
Shy. A *Daniell* come to iudgement! yea, a *Daniell*!

*215. alter] Q1, F. altar Q2.

The Merchant of Venice.

O wise young Iudge! how I doe honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me looke vpon the bond.
Shy. Heere tis, most reuerend Doct^r! here it is! 222
Por. *Shylocke!* theres thrice thy money offred thee!
Shy. An oath! an oath! I haue an oath in heauen!
 Shall I lay periurie vpon my foule?
 No, not for *Venice!*
Por. Why, this bond is forfait. 226
 And lawfully by this, the *Jew* may claime
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Neereft the Merchants hart. ¶ Be mercifull!
 Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the Bond! 230
Shy. When it is payd, according to the tenure.
 It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
 You know the Law, your exposition
 Hath beene most found. I charge you by the Law, 234
 Whereof you are a well-deseruing piller,
 Proceede to iudgement! By my foule, I sweare,
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me! I stay here on my Bond! 238
An. Most hartelie I doe beseech the Court
 To giue the iudgement!
Por. Why, than, thus it is:
 You must prepare your bofome for his knife;
 (*Shy.* O noble Iudge! ô excellent young man!) 242
Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law,
 Hath full relation to the penaltie,
 Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
 (*Jew.* Tis very true! ô wise and vpright Iudge, 246
 How much more elder art thou then thy lookes!)
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bofome!
Jew. I, his breast,
 So sayes the Bond, (doth it not, noble Iudge?)
 ‘Neereft his hart’: those are the very words. 250
Por. It is so. Are there ballance here, to weigh the flesh?
Jew. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by some Surgion, *Shylocke*, on your charge,
 To stop his wounds, leaft he doe bleede to death. 254

226. *No*] Q1, F. Not Q2. 231. *tenure*] Q2, F. tenour Q1.

254. *doe*] Q1, 2. should F.

The comicall Historie of

Iew. Is it so nominated in the Bond?
Por. It is not so exprest: but what of that?
 Twere good you doe so much for charitie.
Iew. I cannot finde it! tis not in the Bond! 258
Por. You, Merchant! haue you any thing to say?
Ant. But little! I am armd and well prepard.
 ¶ Giue me your hand, *Bassanio!* fare* you well!
 Greene not that I am falne to this for you; 262
 For heerein Fortune shoves her selfe more kind
 Then is her custome. It is fill her vse,
 To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
 To view with hollow eye, and wrinckled brow, 266
 An age of pouertie; from which lingring pennance
 Of such misery, doth she cut me off.†
 Commend me to your honourable Wife!
 Tell her the processe of *Anthonios* end! 270
 Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death!
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
 Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Loue.
 Repent but you that you shall loose your friend, 274
 And he repents not that he payes your debt;
 For if the *Iew* doe cut but deepe enough,
 Ile pay it instantly, with all my hart!
Bass. *Anthonio!* I am married to a wife, 278
 Which is as deere to me as life it selfe;
 But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
 Are not with me esteemd about thy life!
 I would loose all, I, facrifize them all, 282
 Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you!
Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that,
 If she were by, to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife, who, I protest, I loue! 286
 I would she were in heauen, so she could
 Intreate some power to change this currish *Iew!*
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back!
 The wish would make else an vnquiet house. 290

<p>255. <i>Is it so?</i> Q1, 2. It is not F. 259. <i>You!</i> Q1, 2. Come F. *261. <i>fare!</i> F. far Q1, 2. †268. <i>off!</i> Q1, F. of Q2.</p>	<p>274. <i>but!</i> Q1, 2. not F. 277. <i>instantly!</i> Q2, F. presently Q1. 286. <i>who!</i> Q1, 2. whom F.</p>
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The Merchant of Venice.

Iew. ([*aside*] These be the *Christian* husbands! I haue a daughter :

Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had bene her husband, rather then a *Christian* !)
We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence! 294

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine :
The Court awards it, and the Law doth giue it.

Iew. Most rightfull Iudge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast: 298
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Iew. Most learn'd Iudge! a sentence! ¶ Come! prepare!

Por. Tarry a little! there is some thing else!
This Bond doth giue thee heere no iote of blood; 302
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh':
Take then thy Bond, take thou thy 'pound of flesh!'
But, in the cutting it, if thou doost shed
One drop of *Christian* blood, thy lands and goods 306
Are, by the Lawes of *Venice*, confiscate
Vnto the state of *Venice*!

Gra. 'O vpright Iudge!'

Marke, *Iew*! 'o learn'd Iudge!'

Shy. Is that the Law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act! [*Shows it him.* 310

For, as thou vragest Iustice, be assur'd
Thou shalt haue Iustice, more then thou desirest.

Gra. 'O learn'd Iudge!' mark, *Iew*! a 'learn'd Iudge!'

Iew. I take this offer, then : pay the bond thrice, 314
And let the *Christian* goe.

Bass. Heere is the money!

Por. Soft! the *Iew* shal haue all Iustice : soft! no haste! *
He shall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O *Iew*, 'an vpright Iudge!' 'a learn'd Iudge!' 318

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off† the flesh :

Shed thou no Blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But iust 'a pound of flesh'! if thou tak'st more
Or lesse then a iust pound, (be it but so much 322

291. *aside*] Rowe (against l. 293).

298. *this*] Q1, 2. his F.

304. *Take them*] Q1, 2. Then
take F.

*316. *haste*] F. hast Q1, 2.

†319. *off*] Q1, F. of Q2.

321. *tak'st*] Q2, F. cutst Q1.

The comicall Historie of

As makes it light or heany in the substance,
 Or the deuision of the twentieth part
 Of one poore scruple; nay, if the scale doe turne
 But in the estimation of a hayre,) 326
 Thou dyest! and all thy goods are confiscate!
Gra. A second '*Daniell!*' 'a *Daniell,*' *Iew!*
 Now, Infidell, I haue you on the hip!
Por. Why doth the *Iew* pause? take thy forfeiture! 330
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe!
Bass. I haue it ready for thee: here it is!
Por. Hee hath refusd it in the open Court!
 Hee shall haue meerely 'Iustice,' and his 'Bond.' 334
Gra. A '*Daniell,*' still say I, a second '*Daniell!*'
 I thanke thee, *Iew,* for teaching me that word!
Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture, 338
 To be so taken at thy perrill, *Iew!*
Shy. Why, then the Deuill giue him good of it
 Ile stay no longer question! [*turns to go.*
Por. Tarry, *Iew!*
 The Law hath yet another hold on you. 342
 It is enacted, in the Lawes of *Venice,*
 'If it be proued against an Alien,
 'That by direct, or indirect attempts,
 'He seeke the life of any Cittizen, 346
 'The party against the which he doth contriue,
 'Shall feaze one halfe his goods; the other halfe
 'Comes to the priuie coffer of the State;
 'And the offenders life, lies in the mercy 350
 'Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voyce.'
 In which predicament, I say thou standst:
 For it appeares, by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly too, 354
 Thou hast contriued against the very life
 Of the Defendant; and thou hast incurd

324. *twentieth*] Q1, 2. twentieth F. | so F.

329. *you*] Q1, 2. thee F.

334. *Hee*] Q2, F. And Q1.

339. *so taken*] Q1, 2. taken

344. *an*] Q2, F. any Q1.

354. *too*] to Q2, F.

355. *against*] Q2, F. gainst Q1.

The Merchant of Venice.

The danger formerly * by me reheart.
 Downe therefore! and beg mercie of the Duke! 358
Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe!
 And yet, thy wealth beeing forfait to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a Cord!
 Therefore thou must be hangd at the States charge. 362
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
 For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonios*;
 The other halfe comes to the generall State, 366
 Which, humblenes may driue vnto a fine.
Por. I, for the State, not for *Anthonio*!
Shy. Nay! take my life and all! pardon not that!
 You take my house, when you doe take the prop 370
 That doth sustaine my house; You take my life,
 When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.
Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio*?
 (*Gra.* A halter *gratis*: nothing else, for Godsake!) 374
Anth. So please my Lord the Duke, & all the Court,
 To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
 I am content; so he will let me haue
 The other halfe in vse, to render it, 378
 Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter.
 Two things prouided more: that, for this fauour,
 He presently become a *Christian*; 382
 The other, that he doe record a gift,
 Heere in the Court, of all he dies posselt,
 Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant 386
 The pardon that I late pronounc'd heere.
Por. Art thou contented, *Iew*? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. [*to NEB.*] Clarke, draw a deede of gift!
Shy. I pray you, giue me leaue to goe from hence! 390
 I am not well. Send the deede after me,
 And I will signe it.
Duke. Get thee gone; but doe it!

*357. *formerly*] Q1, F. *formerly*?Q2.

363. *spirit*] Q2, F. *spirits* Q1.

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*Gra.** In christning, shalt thou haue two Godfathers :
 Had I beene iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more, 394
 To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. [*Exit SHYLOCKE.*
Duke. [*to POR.*] Sir! I entreate you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon!
 I must away this night toward *Padua*; 398
 And it is meete I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not.
 ¶ *Antonio*, gratifie this gentleman,
 For (in my mind) you are much bound to him! 402
 [*Exeunt DUKE and his traine.*
Bass. [*to POR.*] Most worthy gentleman! I and my friend
 Haue (by your wisdome,) been this day acquitted
 Of greuous penalties; in lewe whereof,
 Three thousand Ducats, due vnto the *Jew*, 406
 Wee freely cope your curtious paines withall.
An. And stand indebted, ouer and aboue,
 In loue and seruice to you euer-more.
Por. Hee is well payd that is well satisfied;
 And I, deliuering you, am satisfied, 410
 And therein doe account my selfe well payd:
 My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
 ¶ I pray you, know me when we meete againe! 414
 I wish you well; and so I take my leane.
Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further:
 Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
 Not as fee! graunt me two things, I pray you: 418
 Not to deny me, and to pardon me!
Por. You presse me farre; and therefore I wil yeeld:
 Giue mee your gloues! Ile weare them for your sake;
 And for your loue, Ile take this ring from you. 422
 Doe not draw back your hand! ile take no more;
 And you, in loue, shall not denie me this!
Bass. 'This ring,' good sir! alas! it is a trifle!
 I will not shame my selfe to giue you this. 426
Por. I will haue nothing else, but onely this;

*393. *Gra.*] Q1, F. *Sky.* Q2. | me home F.
 393. *shalt thou*] Q1, 2. thou | 418. *fee*] Q2, F. a fee Q1.
 shalt F. | 421-2. The Camb. Editors (badly)
 396. *home with me*] Q1, 2. with | give 421 to *Ant.* & 422 to *Bass.*
 [IV. i. 393-427.] 66

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And now, me thinks, I haue a minde to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this, then on the valew :
 The dearest ring in *Venice* will I giue you, 430
 And finde it out by proclamation.
 Onely for this, I pray you pardon me !
Por. I see, fir, you are liberall in offers :
 You taught me first to beg ; and now (me thinks,) 434
 You teach me how a begger should be aunswerd.
Bass. Good fir ! this ring was giuen me by my wife ;
 And when she put it on, she made me vowe
 That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor loofe it. 438
Por. That scufe serues many men to saue their gifts !
 And if your wife be not a mad woman,
 And know how well I haue deferd' d this ring,
 She would not hold out enemy for euer, 442
 For giuing it to me. Well, peace be with you !
[*Exeunt* POR. & NER.]
Anth. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him haue the ring !
 Let his deferuings, and my loue withall,
 Be valued gainst your wiues commaundement ! 446
Bass. Goe, *Gratiano* ! runne and ouer-take him !
 Giue him the ring ; and bring him, if thou canst,
 Vnto *Anthonios* house ! Away, make haste !
[*Exit* GRATIANO.]
 ¶ Come ! you and I will thither presently ; 450
 And in the morning early, will we both
 Flie toward *Belmont*. Come, *Anthonio* ! [*Exeunt*.]

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Venice. A Footway.

Enter PORTIA and * NERRISSA.

Por. Enquire the *Iewes* house out ! giue him this deed, 1
 And let him signe it ! wee! away to night,
 And be, a day before our husbands, home.
 This deede will be well welcome to *Lorenzo* ! 4

429. *depends on . . . on*] Q2, F. | 441. *this*] Q2, F. the Q1.
 then this depends vpon Q1. | *IV. i. *Portia and*] F.
 67 [IV. i. 428-452 ; ii. 1-4.]

The comicall Historie of

Enter GRATIANO.

Grati. [to POR.] Faire fir! you are well ore-tane!
My Lord Bassanio, vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot he! 8
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth, old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. [to POR.] Sir! I would speake with you. 12
([Draws POR. aside] Ile see if I can get my husbands ring,
Which I did make him fweare to keepe for euer.

Por. [aside to NER.] Thou maist, I warrant! We shal
haue old fwearing
That they did giue the rings away to men; 16
But wele out-face them, and out-fweare them too!*)
Away! make haste! † thou knowst where I will tarry. [Exit.

Ner. [to GR.] Come, good fir! will you ‡ shew me to this
house? [Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Belmont. Portias Park.

Enter LORENZO and IESSICA.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse; in such a night,
Troylus (me thinks) mounted the *Troian* walls, 4
And figh'd his soule toward the *Grecian* tents
Where *Cressed* lay that night.

Iessi. In such a night,
Did *Thiſbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow, ere him selfe, 8
And ranne difmayed away.

Loren. In such a night,

*17. too] Q1. to Q2, F. †18. haste] F. hast Q1, 2.

‡19. you] Q1, F. yov Q2.

The Merchant of Venice.

Stoode *Dido*, with a willow in her hand,
Vpon the wilde sea-banks, and waft her Loue
To come againe to *Carthage*.

Ieffi. In such a night, 12
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Efon*.

Loren. In such a night,
Did *Ieffica* steale from the wealthy *Iewe*,
And, with an vnthrifit Loue, did runne from *Venice*, 16
As farre as *Belmont*.

Ieffi. In such a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he loued her well,
Stealing her foule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one!

Loren. In such a night, 20
Did pretty *Ieffica* (like a little shrow,)
Slaunder her Loue; and he forgaue it her.

Ieffi. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But harke! I heare the footing of a man. 24

Enter a Messenger, STEPHANO.

Loren. Who comes so fast, in filence of the night?

Meffen. A friend!

Loren. 'A friend!' what friend? your name, I pray you,
friend?

Meff. *Stephano* is my name; and I bring word, 28
My Miftres will, before the breake of day,
Be heere at *Belmont*. She doth stray about
By holy crosse, where she kneeles, and prayes
For happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her? 32

Meff. None but a holy Hermit, and her mayd.
I pray you, is my Maister yet returnd?

Loren. He is not; nor we haue not heard from him.
¶ But goe we in, I pray thee, *Ieffica*, 36
And ceremoniously let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Miftres of the house.

Enter Clowne. (LAUNCELET GOBBO.)

Clowne. Sola! sola! wo, ha, ho! sola! sola!

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Loren. Who calls? 40
Clo. Sola! did you see *Maister Lorenzo?* & *Maister Lorenzo*, fola! fola!
Loren. Leau hollowing, man! heere!
Clowne. Sola! where, where? 44
Loren. Heere!
Clow. Tell him there's a Post come from my *Maister*, with his horne full of good newes! my *Maister* will be heere ere morning! [Exit. 48
Loren. Sweete soule, let's in; and there expect their comming!
 And yet, no matter: why should we goe in?
 ¶ *My friend Stephano*,* signifie, I pray you,
 Within the house, your *Mistres* is at hand; 52
 And bring your musique forth into the ayre!
 [Exit STEPHANO.
 ¶ How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke!
 Heere will we fit, and let the founds of musique
 Creepe in our eares! Soft silnes, and the night, 56
 Become the tutches of sweet harmonie!
 Sit, *Ieffica!* looke how the floore of Heauen [They sit down.
 Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold!
 There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst, 60
 But, in his motion, like an Angell, sings,
 Still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
 Such harmonie is in immortall foules!
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay 64
 Dooth grosly close it in, we cannot heare it.

Enter Musicians.

¶ Come, hoe! and wake *Diana* with a himne!
 With sweetest tutches, pearce your *Mistres* eare,
 And draw her home with musique! [Play Musique. 68
Ieffi. I am neuer merry, when I heare sweet musique.
Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
 For doe but note a wild and wanton heard,
 Or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts, 72

49. *Loren. Sweete soule, let's in* | *51. *Stephano*] Q1. Stephen Q2,
 in Q1, 2, F. | F. 53. *Exit Stephano.*] Theobald.
 V. i. 40-72.] 70

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Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude,
 (Which is the hote condition of their blood;)

If they but heare perchance a Trumpet sound, 76
 Or any ayre of Musique touch their eares,
 You shall perceauem them make a mutuall stand,
 Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of Musique: therefore the Poet 80
 Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods;
 Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But Musique, for the time, doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no Musique in himselfe,
 Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds, 84
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections darke as *Erebus*:*
 Let no such man be trusted! Marke the musique! 88

Enter PORTIA and NERRISSA.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall:
 How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
 So shines a good deede in a naughty world! 91
Ner. When the moone shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the lesse!
 A substitute shines brightly as a King,
 Vntill a King be by; and then his state
 Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke 96
 Into the maine of waters. Musique! harke!
Ner. It is your musique, Madame, of the house!
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
 Me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day! 100
Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it, Madam!
Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke,
 When neither is attended: and I thinke
 The Nightingale, if she should sing by day 104
 When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a Musition then the Renne.
 How many things, by season, seasond are
 To their right prayse, and true perfection! 108

*87. *Erebus*] Erobus F. Terebus Q1, 2.

The comickall Historie of

¶ Peace, how! the Moone sleepees with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd! [*Muficke ceafes.**]

Loren. That is the voyce,
(Or I am much deceau'd,) of *Portia*. 111

Por. He knowes me, as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe,
By the bad voyce!

Loren. Deere Lady, welcome home!

Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare,
Which fpeed (we hope,) the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Loren. Madam! they are not yet; 116
But there is come a Meffenger before,
To fignifie their comming.

Por. Goe in, *Nerriffa*!
Giue order to my feruants, that they take
No note at all of our being abfent hence; 120

¶ Nor you, *Lorenzo*! ¶ *Ieffica*, nor you! [*A Tucket founds.*†]

Loren. Your husband is at hand! I heare his Trumpet!
We are no tell-tales, Madame! feare you not!

Por. This night, me thinks, is but the day-light ficke; 124
It lookes a little paler; tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sunne is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTHONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.

Baff. We fhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walke in abfence of the Sunne. 128

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband;
And neuer be *Baffanio* fo for me!
But God fort all! You are welcome home, my Lord! 132

Baff. I thank you, Madam! giue welcome to my Friend!
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,
To whom I am fo infinitely bound!

Por. You fhould, in all fence, be much 'bound' to him; 136
For, as I heare, he was much 'bound' for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houfe!

109. *how* = ho.

*110. *Musicke*.] F.

†121. *A Tucket*. . .] F.

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It muſt appeare in other wayes then words ; 140
 Therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.
Gra. [*to NER.*] By yonder Moone, I ſweare you doe me
 wrong !
 Infaiht, I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke !
 Would he were gelt, that had it, for my part, 144
 Since you doe take it, Loue, ſo much at hart.
Por. A quarrell, hoe ! already ! what's the matter ?
Grati. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
 That ſhe did giue me ! whoſe Poſie was 148
 For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
 Vpon a knife : *Loue me, and leaue me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the Poſie, or the valew ?
 You ſwore to me, when I did giue it* you, 152
 That you would weare it till your houre of death,
 And that it ſhould lie with you in your graue !
 Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
 You ſhould haue beene reſpectiue, and haue kept it. 156
 'Gauē it a Iudges Clarke !' No ! Gods my Iudge,
 The Clarke will nere weare haire ons face, that bad it !
Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man !
Nerriſſa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man. 160
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gaue it to a youth,
 A kind of boy ! a little ſcrubbed boy,
 No higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clarke !
 A prating boy, that begd it as a Fee ! 164
 I could not, for my hart, deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, (I muſt be plaine with you !)
 To part ſo ſlightly with your wiues firſt gift,
 A thing ſtuck on with oaths vpon your finger, 168
 And ſo riueted with faith vnto your fleſh ! [*Turns to BASS.*]
 I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him ſweare
 Neuer to part with it ; and heere he ſtands :
 I dare be ſworne for him, he would not leaue it, 172
 Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
 That the World maiſters ! Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,
 You giue your wife too vnkind a cauſe of grieſe !

*152. *it*] Q1, F.

153. *your*] Q1,2. the F.

157. *No! Gods my Iudge*] Q1,

2. but well I know F (on account
 of the Act, 3 Jas. I, chap. 21, A. D.
 1605-6).

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And twere to me, I should be mad at it! 176

Bass. [*aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring, defending it!

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that begd it; (and indeede, 180
Deferu'd it too: *) and then the Boy, his Clarke,
(That tooke some paines in writing,) he begd mine;
And neither man nor maister would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you, my Lord? 184
Not that, I hope, which you receau'd of me!

Bass. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but, you see, my finger [*holds it out.*
Hath not the Ring vpon it; it is gone! 188

Por. Euen so voyd is your false hart of truth!
By heauen! I will nere come in your bed
Vntill I see the Ring!

Ner. [*to GRA.*] Nor I in yours,
Til I againe see mine!

Bass. Sweet *Portia!* 192
If you did know, to whom I gaue the Ring;
If you did know, for whom I gaue the Ring;
And would conceaue, for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring, 196
When nought would be accepted, but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure!

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring;
Or halfe her worthines, that gaue the Ring; 200
Or your owne honour, to containe the Ring;
You would not then haue parted with the Ring!
What man is there so much vnreasonable,
(If you had pleasd to haue defended it 204
With any termes of Zeale,) wanted the modesty
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie?

Nerriffa teaches me what to beleene:
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring! 208

Bass. No, by my honour, Madam! by my soule!
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,

*181. *too*] F. to Q1, 2. 209. *my*] Q1, 2. mine honour F.
V. i. 176-210.] 74

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Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
 And begd the Ring; the which I did denie him, 212
 And fufferd him to goe displeas'd away;
 Euen he that had held vp the very life
 Of my deere friend. What should I say, sweet Lady?
 I was inforc'd to send it after him; 216
 I was beset with fhame and curtesie;
 My honour would not let ingratitude
 So much besmere it! Pardon me, good Lady! 219
 For, by these bleff'ed Candels of the night, [*points to Stars.*
 Had you been there, I think you would haue begd
 The Ring of me, to giue the worthy Doctor!
Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house!
 Since he hath got the ieuell that I loued, 224
 And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
 I will become as liberall as you;
 Ile not deny him any thing I haue!
 No! not my body, nor my husbands bed! 228
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
 Lie not a night from home! Watch me like *Argus*!
 If you doe not, if I be left alone,
 Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine owne, 232
 Ile haue that Doctor for my * bedfellow!
Nerrissa. [*to GRA.*] And I, his Clark! therefore be well
 aduis'd
 How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection! 235
Gra. Well, doe you so! let not me take him then!
 For if I doe, Ile mar the young Clarks pen! 237
Anth. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrells.
Por. Sir! greeue not you! You are welcome notwithstanding!
Bass. *Portia*! forgiue me this enforc'd wrong!
 And, in the hearing of these many friends, 241
 I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes,
 Wherein I see my selfe

213. <i>displeas'd away</i>] Q2, F. away displeas'd Q1. 214. <i>had held vp</i>] Q2, F. did vphold Q1. 220. <i>For</i>] Q1, 2. And F.		230. <i>Argus</i>] F2. Argos Q1, 2, F. 232. <i>mine</i>] Q2, F. my Q1. 233. <i>that</i>] Q1, 2. the F. *233. <i>my</i>] Q1, F. mine Q2.
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Por. Marke you but that!
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himfelfe! 244
 In each eye one! ¶ Swear by your double felfe,
 And there's an oath of credite!

Bass. Nay, but heare me!
 Pardon this fault! and, by my foule, I fweare
 I neuer more will breake an oath with thee! 248

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
 Which, but for him that had your husbands ring,
 Had quite miscaried. I dare be bound againe,
 My foule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord 252
 Will neuer more breake faith aduifedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: giue him this,
 And bid him keepe it better then the other! 255

Antho. Here, Lord *Bassanio*! fweare to keepe this ring!

Bass. By heauen! it is the fame I gaue the Doctor!

Por. I had it of him. Pardon me, *Bassanio*!
 For, by this ring, the Doctor lay with me.

Nerriffa. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*! 260
 For that fame 'fcrubbèd boy,' the Doctors Clarke,
 In lieu of this, laft night did lie with me.

Grati. Why! this is like the mending of high wayes
 In Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough! 264
 What! are we Cuckolds ere we haue deferu'd it?

Por. Speake not fo grofly! [*To Bass.*] You are all amaz'd!
 Heere is a letter; reade it at your leafure!
 It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellario*: 268
 There you shall finde, that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriffa there, her Clarke! *Lorenzo* heere,
 Shall witnes I fet forth as foone as you,
 And euen but now returnd: I haue not yet 272
 Enterd mv houfe. ¶ *Antonio*, you are welcome!
 And I haue better newes in ftore for you
 Then you expect: Vnfeale this letter foone;
 There you shall finde, three of your Argofies 276
 Are richly come to harbour fodainly.
 You shall not know by what ftrange accident 278
 I chauncèd on this letter.

249. *his*] QI, 2. thy F.

258. *me*] QI, 2. F om.

266. all = quite

272. *euen but*] QI, 2. but eu'n F.

V. i. 244-279.]

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<i>Antho.</i>	I am dumb!	
<i>Bass.</i> [to <i>Por.</i>]	Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?	[cuckold?
<i>Gra.</i> [to <i>Ner.</i>]	Were you the Clark that is to make me	
<i>Ner.</i>	I, but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it, vnlesse ' he liue vntill he be a man.'	
<i>Bass.</i>	Sweet Doctor! you shall be my bedfellow.	284
	When I am absent, then lie with my wife!	
<i>An.</i>	Sweet Lady! you haue giuen me life and lyuing!	
	For heere I reade, for certaine, that my ships Are safely come to Rode.	
<i>Por.</i>	How now, <i>Lorenzo</i> ?	288
	My Clarke hath some good comforts too* for you.	
<i>Ner.</i>	I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.	
¶	There doe I giue to you and <i>Iessica</i> , From the rich <i>Iewe</i> , a speciall deede of gift, After his death, of all he dies possesst of.	292
<i>Loren.</i>	Faire Ladies! you drop Manna in the way Of staru'd people!	
<i>Por.</i>	It is almost morning;	
	And yet I am sure you are not satisfisd Of these euent at full. Let vs goe in, And charge vs there vpon intergatories, And we will aunswer all things faithfully.	296
<i>Gra.</i>	Let it be so! the first intergatory † That my <i>Nerrissa</i> shall be sworne on, is, Whether till the next night she had rather stay, Or goe to bed now, being two houres to day;	303
	But, were the day come, I should wish it darke, Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.	305
	Well! while I liue, Ile feare no other thing So fore, as keeping safe <i>Nerrissas</i> ring.	[<i>Exeunt.</i> 307

*289. *too*] Q1. to Q2, F.

297. *Let vs*] Q2, F. lets Q1.

†300. *intergatory*] F. intergory

Q2. intergatory Q1.

305. *Doctors*] Q2, F. Q1 om.

FINIS.

NOTES.

- p. 7, I. ii. 41. *& you will not haue me, choose!* 'Choose' here means simply 'take the consequences.' A similar use of the word occurs in Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, Act V. sc. i.:

Leicester. My lord, the king is willing to resign.
Winchester. If he be not, let him choose.

- p. 9, I. ii. 110. *The foure Strangers.* Nerrissa has named six: 1. the Neopolitane Prince, 2. the Countie Palentine, 3. the French Lord, Mounsier Le Bonne, 4. Fauconbridge, the young Barron of England, 5. the Scottish Lorde, 6. the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies Nephew. The Prince of Moroco would thus be the seventh.
- p. 25, II. v. 28. *Lock vp my doores, &c.* The similarity of this passage with the last lines of Horace's Ode 'Ad Asterien amici sui conjugem' has been noted by Malone:

'Prima nocte domum claude neque in vias
Sub cantu querulae despice tibiae
Et te saepe vocanti
Duram difficilis mane.'

- p. 30, II. viii. 15. *My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!* &c.

This is one of the superficial resemblances between Shylock and Barabas. Cp. *The Jew of Malta*, II. i:

'Oh my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity . . .
Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh, my bliss.'

- p. 38, III. i. 105-6. *It was my Turkies.* The turquoise was supposed to change colour when any alteration took place in the wearer's health. There are many allusions to it in the Elizabethan writers. Cp. Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, Act I. sc. i:

'And, true as turquoise in the dear lord's ring,
Look well or ill with him.'

- p. 41, III. ii. 92. *So are those crisped snaky golden locks, &c.* The fashion of dying the hair as well as of wearing false hair is a fruitful source of satire to almost all Elizabethan writers. Both are attacked by Shakespeare with rather more energy than he generally uses when dealing with contemporary foibles. Cp. *Love's Labour's Lost*,

Notes.

- IV. iii; *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv; *Sonnet LXVIII*;
Timon of Athens, IV. iii.
- p. 68, V. i. i. *In such a night*, &c. This dialogue is imitated by the anonymous author of the delightful comedy *Wily Beguiled*, in which play there is also a reference to the 'ducats and daughter' business. The difference in poetical merit of the two versions is easily seen by the following extract from the imitation :

Sophos. See how the twinkling stars do hide their borrowed shine,
As half ashamed, their lustre is so stained
By Lelia's beauteous eyes that shine more bright
Than twinkling stars do in a winter's night :
In such a night did Paris win his love.

Lelia. In such a night, Aeneas prov'd unkind, &c.

